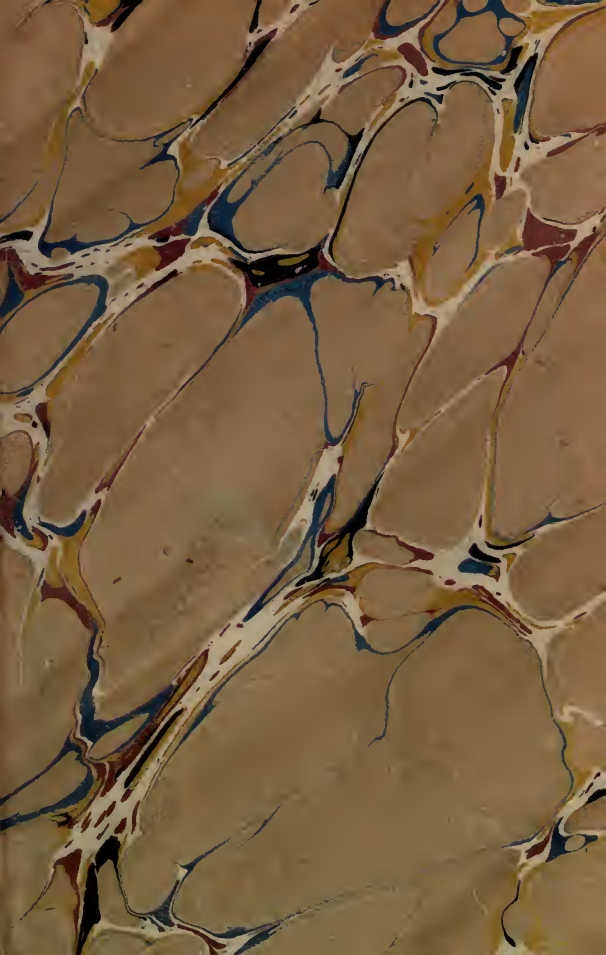




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HEAVEN AND EARTH.

OUR FATHER SLEEPS: IT IS THE HOUR WHEN THEY
WHO LOVE US ARE ACCUSTOM'D TO DESCEND
THROUGH THE DEEP CLOUDS O'er ROCKY ARARAT:

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY J. MURRAY, 1831.

THE
WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VI.

	Page
WERNER	1
Preface	5
THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED	157
HEAVEN AND EARTH	227
THE ISLAND.	
Canto I.	279
Canto II.	288
Canto III.	309
Canto IV.	318
Appendix	335
POEMS.	
The Blues	351
Fragment	368
The prayer of nature	ib.
Fragment	371
On revisiting Harrow	372
L'amitié est l'amour sans ailes	373

	Page
To my son	377
Epitaph on John Adams, of Southwell	379
Fragment	380
To Mrs. * * *	381
A love-song	382
Stanzas to * * * * *	383
To the same	384
Song	386
Stanzas to * * * on leaving England	387
Lines to Mr. Hodgson	390
Epistle to —	393
The Devil's drive	396
Additional stanzas to the ode to Napoleon	400
Stanzas for music	401
Address intended to be recited at the Caledonian meeting	402
Lines intended for the opening of "The Siege of Corinth"	404
Extract from an unpublished poem	406
To Augusta	407
On the bust of Helen by Canova	413
To Thomas Moore	ib.
To Mr. Murray	414
Stanzas to the river Po	416
The Irish Avatar	419
On the Prince Regent's returning the picture of Sarah, Countess of J * *, to Mrs. Mee	425
To Belshazzar	427
Sonnet to George the Fourth	428

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Francesca of Rimini	429
Stanzas	431
To the Countess of B——	432
Lines from a letter to Thomas Moore	434
Epistle to Dr. ——	ib.
Epistle to Mr. Murray	437
To Mr. J. Murray	439
On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year	440
From the Portuguese	442
Paraphrase from the opening lines of the Medea of Euripides	443
Epitaph	ib.
On Moore's last operatic farce	444
On Lord T——'s poems	ib.
To Lord T——	445
To Thomas Moore	446
Fragment of an epistle to Thomas Moore	447
On Napoleon's escape from Elba	449
Fragment of a poem on hearing that Lady Byron was ill.—1816	ib.
To Thomas Moore	ib.
Song for the Luddites	450
Versicles	451
To Mr. Murray	ib.
On the birth of John William Rizzo Hoppner	452
Epigram	453
Epigram on his wedding-day	ib.
On the same subject	ib.
On the same subject	454

	Page
Endorsement for the deed of separation in the April of 1816	454
Epitaph for William Pitt	ib.
Epigram	455
Stanzas	ib.
On his thirty-third birthday	ib.
Epigram	456
Epigram	ib.
The charity ball	457
Impromptu	ib.
Windsor poetics	458
Lines in the travellers' book at Orchomenus	ib.

WERNER;
OR,
THE INHERITANCE.

A TRAGEDY.

TO
THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOËTHE,
BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS,
THIS TRAGEDY
IS DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

THE following drama is taken entirely from the "*German's Tale, Krutzner*," published many years ago in *Lee's Canterbury Tales*; written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language, of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think) I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who *had* read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add *conception*, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have

been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names; but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815 (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called "*Ulric and Ilvina*," which I had sense enough to burn), and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.

Fcb. 1822.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WERNER.

ULRIC.

STRALENHEIM.

IDENSTEIN.

GABOR.

FRITZ.

HENRICK.

ERIC.

ARNHEIM.

MEISTER.

RODOLPH.

LUDWIG.

JOSEPHINE.

IDA STRALENHEIM.

*Scene—Partly on the Frontier of Silesia, and partly in
Siegendorf Castle, near Prague.*

Time—the Close of the thirty Years' War.

WERNER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the Northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.

WERNER and JOSEPHINE *his wife.*

Jos. MY love, be calmer!

Wer.

I am calm.

Jos.

To me—

Yes, but not to thyself: thy pace is hurried,
And no one walks a chamber like to ours
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest.
Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;
But *here!*

Wer. 'Tis chill; the tapestry lets through
The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen.

Jos. Ah, no!

Wer. (smiling.) Why! wouldst thou have it so?

Jos. I would

Have it a healthful current.

Wer. Let it flow

Until 'tis spilt or check'd—how soon, I care not.

Jos. And am I nothing in thy heart?

Wer. All—all.

Jos. Then canst thou wish for that which must
break mine?

Wer. (approaching her slowly.) But for *thee* I had
been—no matter what,

But much of good and evil; what I am,

Thou knowest; what I might or should have been,

Thou knowest not: but still I love thee, nor

Shall aught divide us.

[*WERNER walks on abruptly, and then approaches*

JOSEPHINE.

The storm of the night,

Perhaps, affects me; I'm a thing of feelings,

And have of late been sickly, as, alas!

Thou know'st by sufferings more than mine, my love!

In watching me.

Jos. To see thee well is much—

To see thee happy—

Wer. Where hast thou seen such?

Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think

How many in this hour of tempest shiver

Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,

Whose every drop bows them down nearer earth,

Which hath no chamber for them save beneath
Her surface.

Wer. And that's not the worst: who cares
For chambers? rest is all. The wretches whom
Thou namest—ay, the wind howls round them, and
The dull and dropping rain saps in their bones
The creeping marrow. I have been a soldier,
A hunter, and a traveller, and am
A beggar, and should know the thing thou talk'st of.

Jos. And art thou not now shelter'd from them all?

Wer. Yes. And from these alone.

Jos. And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant.

Jos. Should the nobly born
Be thankless for that refuge which their habits
Of early delicacy render more
Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of life?

Wer. It is not that, thou know'st it is not; we
Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,
Except in thee—but we have borne it.

Jos. Well?

Wer. Something beyond our outward sufferings
(though
These were enough to gnaw into our souls)
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever, *now*.
When, but for this untoward sickness, which
Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and
Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but means,
And leaves us—no! this is beyond me!—but

For this I had been happy—*thou* been happy—
The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my name—
My father's name—been still upheld; and, more
Than those——

Jos. (*abruptly.*) My son—our son—our Ulric,
Been clasp'd again in these long-empty arms,
And all a mother's hunger satisfied.

Twelve years! he was but eight then:—beautiful
He was, and beautiful he must be now.
My Ulric! my adored!

Wer. I have been full oft
The chase of Fortune; now she hath o'ertaken
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,—
Sick, poor, and lonely.

Jos. Lonely! my dear husband?

Wer. Or worse—involving all I love, in this
Far worse than solitude. *Alone*, I had died,
And all been over in a nameless grave.

Jos. And I had not outlived thee; but pray take
Comfort! We have struggled long; and they who strive
With Fortune win or weary her at last,
So that they find the goal or cease to feel
Further. Take comfort,—we shall find our boy.

Wer. We were in sight of him, of every thing
Which could bring compensation for past sorrow—
And to be baffled thus!

Jos. We are not baffled.

Wer. Are we not penniless?

Jos. We ne'er were wealthy.

Wer. But I was born to wealth, and rank, and power;

Enjoy'd them, loved them, and, alas! abused them,
And forfeited them by my father's wrath,
In my o'er-fervent youth; but for the abuse
Long sufferings have atoned. My father's death
Left the path open, yet not without snares.
This cold and creeping kinsman, who so long
Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon
The fluttering bird, hath ere this time outstept me,
Become the master of my rights, and lord
Of that which lifts him up to princes in
Dominion and domain.

Jos. Who knows? our son
May have return'd back to his grandsire, and
Even now uphold thy rights for thee?

Wer. 'Tis hopeless.
Since his strange disappearance from my father's,
Entailing, as it were, my sins upon
Himself, no tidings have reveal'd his course.
I parted with him to his grandsire, on
The promise that his anger would stop short
Of the third generation; but Heaven seems
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit
Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

Jos. I must hope better still,—at least we have yet
Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim.

Wer. We should have done, but for this fatal sickness;
More fatal than a mortal malady,
Because it takes not life, but life's sole solace:
Even now I feel my spirit girt about

By the snares of this avaricious fiend;—
How do I know he hath not track'd us here?

Jos. He does not know thy person; and his spies,
Who so long watch'd thee, have been left at Hamburgh.
Our unexpected journey, and this change
Of name, leaves all discovery far behind:
None hold us here for aught save what we seem.

Wer. Save what we seem! save what we *are*—sick
beggars,
Even to our very hopes.—Ha! ha!

Jos. Alas!
That bitter laugh!

Wer. *Who* would read in this form
The high soul of the son of a long line?
Who, in this garb, the heir of princely lands?
Who, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride
Of rank and ancestry? in this worn cheek
And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of halls
Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

Jos. You
Ponder'd not thus upon these worldly things,
My Werner! when you deign'd to choose for bride
The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

Wer. An exile's daughter with an outcast son
Were a fit marriage; but I still had hopes
To lift thee to the state we both were born for.
Your father's house was noble, though decay'd;
And worthy by its birth to match with ours.

Jos. Your father did not think so, though 'twas noble;

But had my birth been all my claim to match
With thee, I should have deem'd it what it is.

Wer. And what is that in thine eyes?

Jos.

All which it

Has done in our behalf,—nothing.

Wer.

How,—nothing?

Jos. Or worse; for it has been a canker in
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,
We had not felt our poverty but as
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;
But for these phantoms of thy feudal fathers,
Thou mightst have earn'd thy bread, as thousands
earn it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by commerce,
Or other civic means, to amend thy fortunes.

Wer. (*ironically.*) And been an Hanseatic burgher?
Excellent!

Jos. Whate'er thou mightst have been, to me thou art
What no state high or low can ever change,
My heart's first choice;—which chose thee, knowing
neither
Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought, save thy
sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide them;
When they end, let mine end with them, or thee!

Wer. My better angel! such I have ever found thee;
This rashness, or this weakness of my temper,
Ne'er raised a thought to injure thee or thine.
Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own nature
In youth was such as to unmake an empire,

Had such been my inheritance; but now,
 Chasten'd, subdued, out-worn, and taught to know
 Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee!
 Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth spring,
 My father barr'd me from my father's house,
 The last sole scion of a thousand sires,
 (For I was then the last) it hurt me less
 Than to behold my boy and my boy's mother
 Excluded in their innocence from what
 My faults deserved—exclusion; although then
 My passions were all living serpents, and
 Twined like the gorgon's round me.

[*A loud knocking is heard.*]

Jos.

Hark!

Wer.

A knocking!

Jos. Who can it be at this lone hour? We have
 Few visiters.

Wer.

And poverty hath none,
 Save those who come to make it poorer still.
 Well, I am prepared.

[*WERNER puts his hand into his bosom, as if to
 search for some weapon.*]

Jos.

Oh! do not look so. I

Will to the door. It cannot be of import
 In this lone spot of wintry desolation:—
 The very desert saves man from mankind.

[*She goes to the door.*]

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. A fair good evening to my fairer hostess
 And worthy—What's your name, my friend?

Wer. Are you
Not afraid to demand it?

Iden. Not afraid?
Egad! I am afraid. You look as if
I ask'd for something better than your name,
By the face you put on it.

Wer. Better, sir!

Iden. Better or worse, like matrimony: what
Shall I say more? You have been a guest this month
Here in the prince's palace—(to be sure,
His highness had resign'd it to the ghosts
And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still a palace)—
I say you have been our lodger, and as yet
We do not know your name.

Wer. My name is Werner.

Iden. A goodly name, a very worthy name
As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board:
I have a cousin in the lazaretto
Of Hamburgh, who has got a wife who bore
The same. He is an officer of trust,
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon),
And has done miracles i' the way of business.
Perhaps you are related to my relative?

Wer. To yours?

Jos. Oh, yes; we are, but distantly.
Cannot you humour the dull gossip till [*Aside to WER.*
We learn his purpose?

Iden. Well, I'm glad of that;
I thought so all along, such natural yearnings
Play'd round my heart:—blood is not water, cousin;

And so let's have some wine, and drink unto
Our better acquaintance: relatives should be
Friends.

Wer. You appear to have drank enough already;
And if you had not, I've no wine to offer,
Else it were yours: but this you know, or should know:
You see I am poor, and sick, and will not see
That I would be alone; but to your business!
What brings you here?

Iden. Why, what should bring me here?

Wer. I know not, though I think that I could guess
That which will send you hence.

Jos. (aside.) Patience, dear Werner!

Iden. You don't know what has happen'd, then?

Jos. How should we?

Iden. The river has o'erflow'd.

Jos. Alas! we have known
That to our sorrow for these five days; since
It keeps us here.

Iden. But what you don't know is,
That a great personage, who fain would cross
Against the stream and three postilions' wishes,
Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-horses,
A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

Jos. Poor creatures! are you sure?

Iden. Yes, of the monkey,
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet
We know not if his excellency's dead
Or no; your noblemen are hard to drown,
As it is fit that men in office should be;

But what is certain is, that he has swallow'd
 Enough of the Oder to have burst two peasants;
 And now a Saxon and Hungarian traveller,
 Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him from
 The whirling river, have sent on to crave
 A lodging, or a grave, according as
 It may turn out with the live or dead body.

Jos. And where will you receive him? here, I hope,
 If we can be of service—say the word.

Iden. Here? no; but in the prince's own apartment,
 As fits a noble guest:—'tis damp, no doubt,
 Not having been inhabited these twelve years;
 But then he comes from a much damper place,
 So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be
 Still liable to cold—and if not, why
 He'll be worse lodged to-morrow: ne'ertheless,
 I have order'd fire and all appliances
 To be got ready for the worst—that is,
 In case he should survive.

Jos. Poor gentleman!
 I hope he will with all my heart.

Wer. Intendant,
 Have you not learn'd his name? My Josephine,
 [Aside to his wife.
 Retire: I'll sift this fool. [Exit JOSEPHINE.

Iden. His name? oh Lord!
 Who knows if he hath now a name or no?
 'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able
 To give an answer; or if not, to put

His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought
Just now you chid me for demanding names?

Wer. True, true, I did so; you say well and wisely.

Enter GABOR.

Gab. If I intrude, I crave——

Iden. Oh, no intrusion!

This is the palace; this a stranger like
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at home:
But where's his excellency, and how fares he?

Gab. Wetly and wearily, but out of peril:
He paused to change his garments in a cottage,
(Where I doff'd mine for these, and came on hither)
And has almost recover'd from his drenching.
He will be here anon.

Iden. What ho, there! bustle!

Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter, Conrad!

[Gives directions to different servants who enter.]

A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that
All is in order in the damask chamber—
Keep up the stove—I will myself to the cellar—
And Madame Idenstein (my consort, stranger,)
Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for,
To say the truth, they are marvellous scant of this
Within the palace precincts, since his highness
Left it some dozen years ago. And then
His excellency will sup, doubtless?

Gab. Faith!

I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow

Would please him better than the table after
 His soaking in your river: but for fear
 Your viands should be thrown away, I mean
 To sup myself, and have a friend without
 Who will do honour to your good cheer with
 A traveller's appetite.

Iden. But are you sure
 His excellency—But his name: what is it?

Gab. I do not know.

Iden. And yet you saved his life.

Gab. I help'd my friend to do so.

Iden. Well, that's strange,
 To save a man's life whom you do not know.

Gab. Not so; for there are some I know so well,
 I scarce should give myself the trouble.

Iden. Pray,
 Good friend, and who may you be?

Gab. By my family,
 Hungarian.

Iden. Which is call'd?

Gab. It matters little.

Iden. (*aside.*) I think that all the world are grown
 anonymous,

Since no one cares to tell me what he's call'd!

Pray, has his excellency a large suite?

Gab. Sufficient.

Iden. How many?

Gab. I did not count them.

We came up by mere accident, and just
 In time to drag him through his carriage window.

Iden. Well, what would I give to save a great man!
No doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as recompense.

Gab. Perhaps.

Iden. Now, how much do you reckon on?

Gab. I have not yet put up myself to sale:
In the mean time, my best reward would be
A glass of your Hockcheimer—a *green* glass,
Wreath'd with rich grapes and Bacchanal devices,
O'erflowing with the oldest of your vintage;
For which I promise you, in case you e'er
Run hazard of being drown'd (although I own
It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for you),
I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my friend,
And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,
A wave the less may roll above your head.

Iden. (*aside.*) I don't much like this fellow—close
and dry

He seems, two things which suit me not; however,
Wine he shall have; if that unlocks him not,
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN.*]

Gab. (*to WERNER.*) This master of the ceremonies is
The intendant of the palace, I presume:
'Tis a fine building, but decay'd.

Wer. The apartment
Design'd for him you rescued will be found
In fitter order for a sickly guest.

Gab. I wonder then you occupied it not,
For you seem delicate in health.

Wer. (*quickly.*) Sir!

Gab. Pray
Excuse me: have I said aught to offend you?

Wer. Nothing: but we are strangers to each other.

Gab. And that's the reason I would have us less so:
I thought our bustling guest without had said
You were a chance and passing guest, the counterpart
Of me and my companions.

Wer. Very true.

Gab. Then, as we never met before, and never,
It may be, may again encounter, why,
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon here
(At least to me) by asking you to share
The fare of my companions and myself.

Wer. Pray, pardon me; my health—

Gab. Even as you please.
I have been a soldier, and perhaps am blunt
In bearing.

Wer. I have also served, and can
Requite a soldier's greeting.

Gab. In what service?
The Imperial?

Wer. (*quickly, and then interrupting himself.*) I com-
manded—no—I mean
I served; but it is many years ago,
When first Bohemia raised her banner 'gainst
The Austrian.

Gab. Well, that's over now, and peace
Has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts adrift
To live as they best may; and, to say truth,
Some take the shortest.

Wer. What is that?

Gab. Whate'er

They lay their hands on. All Silesia and
Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands
Of the late troops, who levy on the country
Their maintenance: the Chatelains must keep
Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but doubtful
Travel for your rich count or full-blown baron.
My comfort is that, wander where I may,
I've little left to lose now.

Wer. And I—nothing.

Gab. That's harder still. You say you were a soldier.

Wer. I was.

Gab. You look one still. All soldiers are
Or should be comrades, even though enemies.
Our swords when drawn must cross, our engines aim
(While levell'd) at each other's hearts; but when
A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits
The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep
The spark which lights the matchlock, we are brethren.
You are poor and sickly—I am not rich but healthy;
I want for nothing which I cannot want;
You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.

Wer. Who

Told you I was a beggar?

Gab. You yourself

In saying you were a soldier during peace-time.

Wer. (looking at him with suspicion). You know me
not?

Gab. I know no man, not even
Myself: how should I then know one I ne'er
Beheld till half an hour since?

Wer. Sir, I thank you.
Your offer's noble were it to a friend,
And not unkind as to an unknown stranger,
Though scarcely prudent; but no less I thank you.
I am a beggar in all save his trade;
And when I beg of any one it shall be
Of him who was the first to offer what
Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me. [*Exit WER.*]

Gab. (solus). A goodly fellow by his looks, though
worn,
As most good fellows are, by pain or pleasure,
Which tear life out of us before our time;
I scarce know which most quickly: but he seems
To have seen better days, as who has not
Who has seen yesterday?—But here approaches
Our sage intendant, with the wine: however,
For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. 'Tis here! the supernaculum! twenty years
Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gab. Which epoch makes
Young women and old wine; and 'tis great pity,
Of two such excellent things, increase of years,
Which still improves the one, should spoil the other.
Fill full—Here's to our hostess!—your fair wife!

[*Takes the glass.*]

Iden. Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in wine is equal
To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you
Nevertheless.

Gab. Is not the lovely woman
I met in the adjacent hall, who, with
An air, and port, and eye, which would have better
Besem'd this palace in its brightest days,
(Though in a garb adapted to its present
Abandonment) return'd my salutation—
Is not the same your spouse?

Iden. I would she were!
But you're mistaken:—that's the stranger's wife.

Gab. And by her aspect she might be a prince's:
Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains
Much beauty, and more majesty.

Iden. And that
Is more than I can say for Madame Idenstein,
At least in beauty: as for majesty,
She has some of its properties which might
Be spared—but never mind!

Gab. I don't. But who
May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing
Above his outward fortunes.

Iden. There I differ.
He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but
Who he may be, or what, or aught of him,
Except his name (and that I only learn'd
To-night), I know not.

Gab. But how came he here?

Iden. In a most miserable old caleche,

About a month since, and immediately
Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.

Gab. Tender and true!—but why?

Iden. Why, what is life
Without a living? He has not a stiver.

Gab. In that case, I much wonder that a person
Of your apparent prudence should admit
Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.

Iden. That's true; but pity, as you know, *does* make
One's heart commit these follies; and besides,
They had some valuables left at that time,
Which paid their way up to the present hour;
And so I thought they might as well be lodged
Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them
The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.
They served to air them, at the least as long
As they could pay for fire-wood.

Gab. Poor souls!

Iden. Ay,
Exceeding poor.

Gab. And yet unused to poverty,
If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

Iden. Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to heaven
itself.

Some days ago that look'd the likeliest journey
For Werner.

Gab. Werner! I have heard the name:
But it may be a feign'd one.

Iden. Like enough!
But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and

A blaze of torches from without. As sure
As destiny, his excellency's come.

I must be at my post: will you not join me,
To help him from his carriage, and present
Your humble duty at the door?

Gab. I dragg'd him
From out that carriage when he would have given
His barony or county to repel
The rushing river from his gurgling throat.
He has valets now enough: they stood aloof then,
Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,
All roaring, "Help!" but offering none; and as
For *duty* (as you call it)—I did mine *then*,
Now do *yours*. Hence, and bow and cringe him here!

Iden. I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—
Plague take it! he'll be *here*, and I *not there*!

[*Exit IDENSTEIN hastily.*]

Re-enter WERNER.

Wer. (to himself.) I heard a noise of wheels and
voices. How

All sounds now jar me!

Still here! Is he not [Perceiving GABOR.

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer

So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore

The aspect of a secret enemy;

For friends are slow at such.

Gab. Sir, you seem rapt;
And yet the time is not akin to thought.

These old walls will be noisy soon. The baron,

Or count (or whatso'er this half-drown'd noble
May be), for whom this desolate village and
Its lone inhabitants show more respect
Than did the elements, is come.

Iden. (*without.*) This way—
This way, your excellency:—have a care,
The staircase is a little gloomy, and
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected
So high a guest—Pray take my arm, my lord!

*Enter STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and Attendants—
partly his own, and partly Retainers of the Domain
of which IDENSTEIN is Intendant.*

Stral. I'll rest me here a moment.

Iden. (*to the servants.*) Ho! a chair!
Instantly, knaves! [*STRALENHEIM sits down.*]

Wer. (*aside.*) 'Tis he!

Stral. I'm better now.

Who are these strangers?

Iden. Please you, my good lord,
One says he is no stranger.

Wer. (*aloud and hastily.*) Who says that?

[*They look at him with surprise.*]

Iden. Why, no one spoke of you, or to you!—but
Here's one his excellency may be pleased
To recognise.

[*Pointing to GABOR.*]

Gab. I seek not to disturb
His noble memory.

Stral. I apprehend
This is one of the strangers to whose aid

I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?

[*Pointing to WERNER.*

My state when I was succour'd must excuse
My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.

Iden. He!—no, my lord! he rather wants for rescue
Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man,
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed
From whence he never dream'd to rise.

Stral. Methought
That there were two.

Gab. There were, in company;
But, in the service render'd to your lordship,
I needs must say but *one*, and he is absent.
The chief part of whatever aid was render'd
Was *his*: it was his fortune to be first.
My will was not inferior, but his strength
And youth outstripp'd me; therefore do not waste
Your thanks on me. I was but a glad second
Unto a nobler principal.

Stral. Where is he?

An Atten. My lord, he tarried in the cottage where
Your excellency rested for an hour,
And said he would be here to-morrow.

Stral. Till
That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,
And then——

Gab. I seek no more, and scarce deserve
So much. My comrade may speak for himself.

Stral. (*fixing his eyes upon WERNER: then aside.*)
It cannot be! and yet he must be look'd to.

'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with
 These eyes; and, though my agents still have kept
Theirs on him, policy has held aloof
 My own from his, not to alarm him into
 Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave
 At Hamburgh those who would have made assurance
 If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,
 To have been lord of Siegendorf, and parted
 In haste, though even the elements appear
 To fight against me, and this sudden flood
 May keep me prisoner here till——

[*He pauses, and looks at WERNER; then resumes.*

This man must
 Be watch'd. If it is he, he is so changed,
 His father, rising from his grave again,
 Would pass him by unknown. I must be wary:
 An error would spoil all.

Iden. Your lordship seems
 Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?

Stral. 'Tis past fatigue which gives my weigh'd-
 down spirit
 An outward show of thought. I will to rest.

Iden. The prince's chamber is prepared, with all
 The very furniture the prince used when
 Last here, in its full splendour.

(*Aside*). Somewhat tatter'd,
 And devilish damp, but fine enough by torch-light;
 And that's enough for your right noble blood
 Of twenty quarterings upon a hatchment;

So let their bearer sleep 'neath something like one
Now, as he one day will for ever lie.

Stral. (*rising and turning to GABOR.*) Good night,
good people! Sir, I trust to-morrow
Will find me apter to requite your service.
In the meantime I crave your company
A moment in my chamber.

Gab. I attend you.

Stral. (*after a few steps, pauses, and calls WERNER.*)
Friend!

Wer. Sir!

Iden. *Sir!* Lord—oh Lord! Why don't you say
His lordship, or his excellency? Pray,
My lord, excuse this poor man's want of breeding:
He hath not been accustom'd to admission
To such a presence.

Stral. (*to IDENSTEIN.*) Peace, intendant!

Iden. Oh!

I am dumb.

Stral. (*to WERNER.*) Have you been long here?

Wer. Long?

Stral. I sought
An answer, not an echo.

Wer. You may seek
Both from the walls. I am not used to answer
Those whom I know not.

Stral. Indeed! Ne'er the less,
You might reply with courtesy to what
Is ask'd in kindness.

Wer. When I know it such,
I will requite—that is, *reply*—in unison.

Stral. The intendant said, you had been detain'd by
sickness—

If I could aid you—journeying the same way?

Wer. (quickly.) I am not journeying the same way!

Stral. How know ye

That, ere you know my route?

Wer. Because there is

But one way that the rich and poor must tread
Together. You diverged from that dread path
Some hours ago, and I some days: henceforth
Our roads must lie asunder, though they tend
All to one home.

Stral. Your language is above

Your station.

Wer. (bitterly.) Is it?

Stral. Or, at least, beyond

Your garb.

Wer. 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,

As sometimes happens to the better clad.

But, in a word, what would you with me?

Stral. (startled.) I?

Wer. Yes—you! You know me not, and question
me,

And wonder that I answer not—not knowing
My inquisitor. Explain what you would have,
And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

Stral. I knew not that you had reasons for reserve.

Wer. Many have such:—Have you none?

Stral. None which can
Interest a mere stranger.

Wer. Then forgive
The same unknown and humble stranger, if
He wishes to remain so to the man
Who can have nought in common with him.

Stral. Sir,
I will not balk your humour, though untoward:
I only meant you service—but good night!
Intendant, show the way! (*to GABOR.*) Sir, you will
with me?

[*Exeunt STRALENHEIM and attendants; IDENSTEIN
and GABOR.*]

Wer. (solus.) 'Tis he! I am taken in the toils. Before
I quitted Hamburgh, Giulio, his late steward,
Inform'd me that he had obtain'd an order
From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest
Of Kruitznor (such the name I then bore) when
I came upon the frontier; the free city
Alone preserved my freedom—till I left
Its walls—fool that I was to quit them! But
I deem'd this humble garb, and route obscure,
Had baffled the slow hounds in their pursuit.
What's to be done? He knows me not by person;
Nor could aught, save the eye of apprehension,
Have recognised *him*, after twenty years,
We met so rarely and so coldly in
Our youth. But those about him! Now I can
Divine the frankness of the Hungarian, who
No doubt is a mere tool and spy of Stralenheim's,

To sound and to secure me. Without means!
 Sick, poor—begirt too with the flooding rivers,
 Impassable even to the wealthy, with
 All the appliances which purchase modes
 Of overpowering peril with men's lives,—
 How can I hope! An hour ago methought
 My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis such,
 The past seems paradise. Another day,
 And I'm detected,—on the very eve
 Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,
 When a few drops of gold might save me still
 In favouring an escape.

Enter IDENSTEIN and FRITZ, in conversation.

Fritz. Immediately.

Iden. I tell you, 'tis impossible.

Fritz. It must

Be tried, however; and if one express
 Fail, you must send on others, till the answer
 Arrives from Frankfort, from the commandant.

Iden. I will do what I can.

Fritz. And recollect

To spare no trouble; you will be repaid
 Tenfold.

Iden. The baron is retired to rest?

Fritz. He hath thrown himself into an easy chair
 Beside the fire, and slumbers; and has order'd
 He may not be disturb'd until eleven,
 When he will take himself to bed.

Iden. Before

An hour is past I'll do my best to serve him.

Fritz. Remember! [*Exit* FRITZ.

Iden. The devil take these great men! they
Think all things made for them. Now here must I
Rouse up some half a dozen shivering vassals
From their scant pallets, and, at peril of
Their lives, despatch them o'er the river towards
Frankfort. Methinks the baron's own experience
Some hours ago might teach him fellow-feeling:
But no, "it *must*," and there's an end. How now?
Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

Wer. You have left
Your noble guest right quickly.

Iden. Yes—he's dozing,
And seems to like that none should sleep besides.
Here is a packet for the commandant
Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;
But I must not lose time: Good night! [*Exit* IDEN.]

Wer. "To Frankfort!"
So, so, it thickens! Ay, "the commandant."
This tallies well with all the prior steps
Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks
Between me and my father's house. No doubt
He writes for a detachment to convey me
Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than
This—

[WERNER looks around, and snatches up a knife
lying on a table in a recess.]

Now I am master of myself at least.
Hark,—footsteps! How do I know that Stralenheim
Will wait for even the show of that authority

Which is to overshadow usurpation?
That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;
He with a numerous train. I weak; he strong
In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.
I nameless, or involving in my name
Destruction, till I reach my own domain;
He full-blown with his titles, which impose
Still further on these obscure petty burghers
Than they could do elsewhere. Hark! nearer still!
I'll to the secret passage, which communicates
With the—No! all is silent—'twas my fancy!—
Still as the breathless interval between
The flash and thunder:—I must hush my soul
Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,
To see if still be unexplored the passage
I wot of: it will serve me as a den
Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.

[WERNER draws a panel, and exit, closing it
after him.]

Enter GABOR and JOSEPHINE.

Gab. Where is your husband?

Jos. Here, I thought: I left him
Not long since in his chamber. But these rooms
Have many outlets, and he may be gone
To accompany the intendant.

Gab. Baron Stralenheim
Put many questions to the intendant on
The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,
I have my doubts if he means well.

Jos. Alas!

What can there be in common with the proud
And wealthy baron and the unknown Werner?

Gab. That you know best.

Jos. Or, if it were so, how
Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,
Rather than that of him whose life you saved?

Gab. I help'd to save him, as in peril; but
I did not pledge myself to serve him in
Oppression. I know well these nobles, and
Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor.
I have proved them; and my spirit boils up when
I find them practising against the weak:—
This is my only motive.

Jos. It would be
Not easy to persuade my consort of
Your good intentions.

Gab. Is he so suspicious?

Jos. He was not once; but time and troubles have
Made him what you beheld.

Gab. I'm sorry for it.
Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than protects.
Good night! I trust to meet with him at daybreak.

[*Exit GABOR.*]

Re-enter IDENSTEIN and some Peasants. JOSEPHINE
retires up the Hall.

First Peasant. But if I'm drown'd?

Iden. Why, you will be well paid for 't,

And have risk'd more than drowning for as much,
I doubt not.

Second Peasant. But our wives and families?

Iden. Cannot be worse off than they are, and may
Be better.

Third Peasant. I have neither, and will venture.

Iden. That's right. A gallant carle, and fit to be
A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks
In the prince's body-guard—if you succeed;
And you shall have besides in sparkling coin
Two thalers.

Third Peasant. No more!

Iden. Out upon your avarice!
Can that low vice alloy so much ambition?
I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in
Small change will subdivide into a treasure.
Do not five hundred thousand heroes daily
Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one thaler?
When had you half the sum?

Third Peasant. Never—but ne'er
The less I must have three.

Iden. Have you forgot
Whose vassal you were born, knave?

Third Peasant. No—the prince's,
And not the stranger's.

Iden. Sirrah! in the prince's
Absence, I'm sovereign; and the baron is
My intimate connexion:—"Cousin Idenstein!
(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen villains."
And so, you villains! troop—march—march, I say:

And if a single dog's-ear of this packet
 Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!
 For every page of paper, shall a hide
 Of yours be stretch'd as parchment on a drum,
 Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all
 Refractory vassals, who can not effect
 Impossibilities—Away, ye earth-worms!

[*Exit, driving them out.*

Jos. (coming forward.) I fain would shun these
 scenes, too oft repeated,

Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
 I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
 Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull spot,
 The dimmest in the district's map, exist
 The insolence of wealth in poverty
 O'er something poorer still—the pride of rank
 In servitude, o'er something still more servile;
 And vice in misery affecting still
 A tatter'd splendour. What a state of being!
 In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
 Our nobles were but citizens and merchants,
 Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such
 As these; and our all-ripe and gushing valleys
 Made poverty more cheerful, where each herb
 Was in itself a meal, and every vine
 Rain'd, as it were, the beverage which makes glad
 The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun
 (But rarely clouded, and when clouded, leaving
 His warmth behind in memory of his beams)
 Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe, less

Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd purple.
 But, here! the despots of the north appear
 To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,
 Searching the shivering vassal through his rags,
 To wring his soul—as the bleak elements
 His form. And 'tis to be amongst these sovereigns
 My husband pants! and such his pride of birth—
 That twenty years of usage, such as no
 Father born in a humble state could nerve
 His soul to persecute a son withal,
 Hath changed no atom of his early nature;
 But I, born nobly also, from my father's
 Kindness was taught a different lesson. Father!
 May thy long-tried and now rewarded spirit
 Look down on us and our so long desired
 Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me!
 What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be? and thus?

Enter WERNER hastily, with the knife in his hand, by the secret panel, which he closes hurriedly after him.

Wer. (not at first recognising her.) Discover'd! then
 I'll stab——(*recognising her*).

Ah! Josephine,

Why art thou not at rest?

Jos.

What rest? My God!

What doth this mean?

Wer. (showing a rouleau.) Here's gold—gold, Josephine,

Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

Jos. And how obtain'd?—that knife!

Wer. 'Tis bloodless—*yet*.
Away—we must to our chamber.

Jos. But whence comest thou?

Wer. Ask not! but let us think where we shall go—
This—this will make us way—(*showing the gold*)—I'll
fit them now.

Jos. I dare not think thee guilty of dishonour.

Wer. Dishonour!

Jos. I have said it.

Wer. Let us hence:
'Tis the last night, I trust, that we need pass here.

Jos. And not the worst, I hope.

Wer. Hope! I make *sure*.
But let us to our chamber.

Jos. Yet one question—
What hast thou *done*?

Wer. (*fiercely*) Left one thing *undone*, which
Had made all well: let me not think of it!
Away!

Jos. Alas, that I should doubt of thee! [*Exeunt*.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Hall in the same Palace.

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Fine doings! goodly doings! honest doings!
A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!
Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was heard of.

Fritz. It hardly could, unless the rats despoil'd
The mice of a few shreds of tapestry.

Iden. Oh! that I e'er should live to see this day!
The honour of our city's gone for ever.

Fritz. Well, but now to discover the delinquent:
The baron is determined not to lose
This sum without a search.

Iden. And so am I.

Fritz. But whom do you suspect?

Iden. Suspect! all people
Without—within—above—below—Heaven help me!

Fritz. Is there no other entrance to the chamber?

Iden. None whatsoever.

Fritz. Are you sure of that?

Iden. Certain. I have lived and served here since
my birth,
And if there were such, must have heard of such,
Or seen it.

Fritz. Then it must be some one who
Had access to the antechamber.

Iden. Doubtless.

Fritz. The man call'd *Werner's* poor!

Iden. Poor as a miser,
But lodged so far off, in the other wing,
By which there's no communication with
The baron's chamber, that it can't be he.
Besides, I bade him "good night" in the hall,
Almost a mile off, and which only leads
To his own apartment, about the same time
When this burglarious, larcenous felony
Appears to have been committed.

Fritz. There's another,
The stranger——

Iden. The Hungarian?

Fritz. He who help'd
To fish the baron from the Oder.

Iden. Not
Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have been
One of the suite?

Fritz. How? *We*, sir!

Iden. No—not *you*,
But some of the inferior knaves. You say
The baron was asleep in the great chair—
The velvet chair—in his embroider'd night-gown;
His toilet spread before him, and upon it
A cabinet with letters, papers, and
Several rouleaux of gold; of which *one* only
Has disappear'd:—the door unbolted, with
No difficult access to any.

Fritz. Good sir,
Be not so quick; the honour of the corps
Which forms the baron's household's unimpeach'd
From steward to scullion, save in the fair way
Of peculation; such as in accompts,
Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,
Where all men take their prey; as also in
Postage of letters, gathering of rents,
Purveying feasts, and understanding with
The honest trades who furnish noble masters:
But for your petty, picking, downright thievery,

We scorn it as we do board-wages. Then
Had one of our folks done it, he would not
Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard
His neck for *one* rouleau, but have swoop'd all;
Also the cabinet, if portable.

Iden. There is some sense in that——

Fritz. No, sir, be sure
'Twas none of our corps; but some petty, trivial
Picker and stealer, without art or genius.
The only question is—Who else could have
Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?

Iden. You don't mean me?

Fritz. No, sir; I honour more
Your talents——

Iden. And my principles, I hope.

Fritz. Of course. But to the point: What's to be
done?

Iden. Nothing—but there's a good deal to be said.
We'll offer a reward; move heaven and earth,
And the police (though there's none nearer than
Frankfort); post notices in manuscript
(For we've no printer); and set by my clerk
To read them (for few can, save he and I).
We'll send out villains to strip beggars, and
Search empty pockets; also, to arrest
All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow people.
Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the culprit;
And for the baron's gold—if 'tis not found,
At least he shall have the full satisfaction
Of melting twice its substance in the raising

The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchymy
For your lord's losses!

Fritz. He hath found a better.

Iden. Where?

Fritz. In a most immense inheritance.

The late Count Siegendorf, his distant kinsman,
Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my lord
Is on his way to take possession.

Iden. Was there

No heir?

Fritz. Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd
Long from the world's eye, and perhaps the world.
A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban
For the last twenty years; for whom his sire
Refused to kill the fatted calf; and, therefore,
If living, he must chew the husks still. But
The baron would find means to silence him,
Were he to re-appear: he's politic,
And has much influence with a certain court.

Iden. He's fortunate.

Fritz. 'Tis true, there is a grandson,
Whom the late count reclaim'd from his son's hands,
And educated as his heir; but then
His birth is doubtful.

Iden. How so?

Fritz. His sire made
A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of marriage,
With an Italian exile's dark-eyed daughter:
Noble, they say, too; but no match for such
A house as Siegendorf's. The grandsire ill

Could brook the alliance; and could ne'er be brought
To see the parents, though he took the son.

Iden. If he's a lad of mettle, he may yet
Dispute your claim, and weave a web that may
Puzzle your baron to unravel.

Fritz. Why,
For mettle, he has quite enough: they say,
He forms a happy mixture of his sire
And grandsire's qualities,—impetuous as
The former, and deep as the latter; but
The strangest is, that he too disappear'd
Some months ago.

Iden. The devil he did!

Fritz. Why, yes:
It must have been at his suggestion, at
An hour so critical as was the eve
Of the old man's death, whose heart was broken by it.

Iden. Was there no cause assign'd?

Fritz. Plenty, no doubt,
And none perhaps the true one. Some averr'd
It was to seek his parents; some because
The old man held his spirit in so strictly
(But that could scarce be, for he doted on him);
A third believed he wish'd to serve in war,
But peace being made soon after his departure,
He might have since return'd, were that the motive;
A fourth set charitably have surmised,
As there was something strange and mystic in him,
That in the wild exuberance of his nature
He had join'd the black bands, who lay waste Lusatia,

Inadequate thanks, you almost check even them,
Making me feel the worthlessness of words,
And blush at my own barren gratitude,
They seem so niggardly compared with what
Your courteous courage did in my behalf—

Ulr. I pray you press the theme no further.

Stral.

But

Can I not serve you? You are young, and of
That mould which throws out heroes; fair in favour;
Brave, I know, by my living now to say so;
And doubtlessly, with such a form and heart,
Would look into the fiery eyes of war,
As ardently for glory as you dared
An obscure death to save an unknown stranger
In an as perilous, but opposite, element.
You are made for the service: I have served;
Have rank by birth and soldiership, and friends,
Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of peace
Favours such views at present scantily;
But 'twill not last, men's spirits are too stirring;
And, after thirty years of conflict, peace
Is but a petty war, as the times show us
In every forest, or a mere arm'd truce.
War will reclaim his own; and, in the meantime,
You might obtain a post, which would ensure
A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail not
To rise. I speak of Brandenburg, wherein
I stand well with the elector; in Bohemia,
Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now
Upon its frontier.

Ulr. You perceive my garb
Is Saxon, and of course my service due
To my own sovereign. If I must decline
Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which
Induced it.

Stral. Why, this is mere usury!
I owe my life to you, and you refuse
The acquaintance of the interest of the debt,
To heap more obligations on me, till
I bow beneath them.

Ulr. You shall say so when
I claim the payment.

Stral. Well, sir, since you will not—
You are nobly born?

Ulr. I have heard my kinsmen say so.

Stral. Your actions show it. Might I ask your
name?

Ulr. Ulric.

Stral. Your house's?

Ulr. When I'm worthy of it,
I'll answer you.

Stral. (*aside.*) Most probably an Austrian,
Whom these unsettled times forbid to boast
His lineage on these wild and dangerous frontiers,
Where the name of his country is abhorr'd.

[*Aloud to FRITZ and IDENSTEIN.*

So, sirs! how have ye sped in your researches?

Iden. Indifferent well, your excellency.

Stral. Then
I am to deem the plunderer is caught?

Iden. Humph!—not exactly.

Stral. Or at least suspected?

Iden. Oh! for that matter, very much suspected.

Stral. Who may he be?

Iden. Why, don't *you* know, my lord?

Stral. How should I? I was fast asleep.

Iden. And so

Was I, and that's the cause I know no more
Than does your excellency.

Stral. Dolt!

Iden. Why, if

Your lordship, being robb'd, don't recognise
The rogue; how should I, not being robb'd, identify
The thief among so many? In the crowd,
May it please your excellency, your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better:
'Tis only at the bar and in the dungeon
That wise men know your felon by his features;
But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,
Whether he be found criminal or no,
His face shall be so.

Stral. (to FRITZ.) Prithee, Fritz, inform me
What hath been done to trace the fellow?

Fritz. Faith!

My lord, not much as yet, except conjecture.

Stral. Besides the loss (which, I must own, affects
me

Just now materially) I needs would find
The villain out of public motives; for
So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep

Through my attendants, and so many peopled
 And lighted chambers, on my rest, and snatch
 The gold before my scarce-closed eyes, would soon
 Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

Iden. True;

If there were aught to carry off, my lord.

Ulr. What is all this?

Stral. You join'd us but this morning,
 And have not heard that I was robb'd last night.

Ulr. Some rumour of it reach'd me as I pass'd
 The outer chambers of the palace, but
 I know no further.

Stral. It is a strange business;
 The intendant can inform you of the facts.

Iden. Most willingly. You see——

Stral. (*impatiently.*) Defer your tale,
 Till certain of the hearer's patience.

Iden. That
 Can only be approved by proofs. You see——

Stral. (*again interrupting him, and addressing*
 ULRIC.)

In short, I was asleep upon a chair,
 My cabinet before me, with some gold
 Upon it (more than I much like to lose,
 Though in part only): some ingenious person
 Contrived to glide through all my own attendants,
 Besides those of the place, and bore away
 A hundred golden ducats, which to find
 I would be fain, and there's an end. Perhaps
 You (as I still am rather faint) would add

To yesterday's great obligation, this,
 Though slighter, not yet slight, to aid these men
 (Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering it?

Ulr. Most willingly, and without loss of time—
 (*To IDENSTEIN.*) Come hither, mynheer!

Iden. But so much haste bodes
 Right little speed, and——

Ulr. Standing motionless
 None; so let's march: we'll talk as we go on.

Iden. But——

Ulr. Show the spot, and then I'll answer you.

Fritz. I will, sir, with his excellency's leave.

Stral. Do so, and take yon old ass with you.

Fritz. Hence!

Ulr. Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!

[*Exit with IDENSTEIN and FRITZ.*

Stral. (*solus.*) A stalwart, active, soldier-looking
 stripling,

Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour,
 And with a brow of thought beyond his years
 When in repose, till his eye kindles up
 In answering yours. I wish I could engage him:
 I have need of some such spirits near me now,
 For this inheritance is worth a struggle.
 And though I am not the man to yield without one,
 Neither are they who now rise up between me
 And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one;
 But he hath play'd the truant in some hour
 Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to
 Champion his claims. That's well. The father, whom

For years I've track'd, as does the blood-hound, never
In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me
To fault; but *here* I *have* him, and that's better.
It must be *he!* All circumstance proclaims it;
And careless voices, knowing not the cause
Of my inquiries, still confirm it—Yes!
The man, his bearing, and the mystery
Of his arrival, and the time; the account, too,
The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her)
Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect;
Besides the antipathy with which we met,
As snakes and lions shrink back from each other
By secret instinct that both must be foes
Deadly, without being natural prey to either;
All—all—confirm it to my mind. However,
We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours
The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters
Rise not the higher (and the weather favours
Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe
Within a dungeon, where he may avouch
His real estate and name; and there's no harm done,
Should he prove other than I deem. This robbery
(Save for the actual loss) is lucky also:
He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's unknown,
And that's defenceless.—True, we have no proofs
Of guilt, but what hath he of innocence?
Were he a man indifferent to my prospects,
In other bearings, I should rather lay
The inculcation on the Hungarian, who
Hath something which I like not; and alone

Of all around, except the intendant, and
The prince's household and my own, had ingress
Familiar to the chamber.

Enter GABOR.

Friend, how fare you?

Gab. As those who fare well everywhere, when they
Have supp'd and slumber'd, no great matter how—
And you, my lord?

Stral. Better in rest than purse:
Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

Gab. I heard
Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to
One of your order.

Stral. You would hardly think so,
Were the loss yours.

Gab. I never had so much
(At once) in my whole life, and therefore am not
Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.
Your couriers are turn'd back—I have outstript them,
In my return.

Stral. You!—Why?

Gab. I went at daybreak,
To watch for the abatement of the river,
As being anxious to resume my journey.
Your messengers were all check'd like myself;
And, seeing the case hopeless, I await
The current's pleasure.

Stral. Would the dogs were in it!

Why did they not, at least, attempt the passage?
I order'd this at all risks.

Gab. Could you order
The Oder to divide, as Moses did
The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood
Of the swoln stream), and be obey'd, perhaps
They might have ventured.

Stral. I must see to it:
The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall smart for this.

[*Exit STRALENHEIM.*

Gab. (solus.) There goes my noble, feudal, self-
will'd baron!

Epitomè of what brave chivalry
The preux chevaliers of the good old times
Have left us. Yesterday he would have given
His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,
His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh air
As would have fill'd a bladder, while he lay
Gurgling and foaming half way through the window
Of his o'erset and water-logg'd conveyance;
And now he storms at half a dozen wretches
Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's right:
'Tis strange they should, when such as he may put them
To hazard at his pleasure. Oh! thou world!
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest! [*Exit GABOR.*

SCENE II.

The Apartment of WERNER, in the Palace.

Enter JOSEPHINE and ULRIC.

Jos. Stand back, and let me look on thee again!
My Ulric!—my beloved!—can it be—
After twelve years?

Ulr. My dearest mother!

Jos. Yes!

My dream is realized—how beautiful!—
How more than all I sigh'd for! Heaven receive
A mother's thanks!—a mother's tears of joy!
This is indeed thy work!—At such an hour, too,
He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

Ulr. If such a joy await me, it must double
What I now feel, and lighten from my heart
A part of the long debt of duty, not
Of love (for that was ne'er withheld)—forgive me!
This long delay was not my fault.

Jos. I know it,
But cannot think of sorrow now, and doubt
If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from
My memory, by this oblivious transport!—
My son!

Enter WERNER.

Wer. What have we here, more strangers?

Jos. No!

Look upon him! What do you see?

Wer. A stripling,

For the first time——

Ulr. (kneeling.) For twelve long years, my father!

Wer. Oh, God!

Jos. He faints!

Wer. No—I am better now—

Ulr. (Embraces him.)

Ulr. My father, Siegendorf!

Wer. (starting.) Hush! boy—

The walls may hear that name!

Ulr. What then?

Wer. Why, then—

But we will talk of that anon. Remember,

I must be known here but as Werner. Come!

Come to my arms again! Why, thou look'st all

I should have been, and was not. Josephine!

Sure 'tis no father's fondness dazzles me;

But had I seen that form amid ten thousand

Youth of the choicest, my heart would have chosen

This for my son!

Ulr. And yet you knew me not!

Wer. Alas! I have had that upon my soul

Which makes me look on all men with an eye

That only knows the evil at first glance.

Ulr. My memory served me far more fondly: I

Have not forgotten aught; and ofttimes in

The proud and princely halls of—(I'll not name them,

As you say that 'tis perilous)—but i' the pomp

Of your sire's feudal mansion, I look'd back

To the Bohemian mountains many a sunset,
 And wept to see another day go down
 O'er thee and me, with those huge hills between us.
 They shall not part us more.

Wer. I know not that.

Are you aware my father is no more?

Ulr. Oh heavens! I left him in a green old age,
 And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
 Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
 Fell fast around him. 'Twas scarce three months since.

Wer. Why did you leave him?

Jos. (*embracing ULRIC.*) Can you ask that question?
 Is he not *here*?

Wer. True; he hath sought his parents,
 And found them; but, oh! *how*, and in what state!

Ulr. All shall be better'd. What we have to do
 Is to proceed, and to assert our rights,
 Or rather yours; for I waive all, unless
 Your father has disposed in such a sort
 Of his broad lands as to make mine the foremost,
 So that I must prefer my claim for form:
 But I trust better, and that all is yours.

Wer. Have you not heard of Stralenheim?

Ulr. I saved
 His life but yesterday: he's here.

Wer. You saved
 The serpent who will sting us all!

Ulr. You speak
 Riddles: what is this *Stralenheim* to us?

Wer. Every thing. One who claims our father's lands:

Our distant kinsman, and our nearest foe.

Ulr. I never heard his name till now. The count, Indeed, spoke sometimes of a kinsman, who, If his own line should fail, might be remotely Involved in the succession; but his titles Were never named before me—and what then? His right must yield to ours.

Wer. Ay, if at Prague:
But here he is all-powerful; and has spread
Snares for thy father, which, if hitherto
He hath escaped them, is by fortune, not
By favour.

Ulr. Doth he personally know you?

Wer. No; but he guesses shrewdly at my person,
As he betray'd last night; and I, perhaps,
But owe my temporary liberty
To his uncertainty.

Ulr. I think you wrong him
(Excuse me for the phrase); but Stralenheim
Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and present.
I saved his life, he therefore trusts in me.
He hath been plunder'd too, since he came hither:
Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath robb'd him:
I have pledged myself to do so; and the business
Which brought me here was chiefly that: but I

Have found, in searching for another's dross,
My own whole treasure—you, my parents!

Wer. (*agitatedly.*) Who

Taught you to mouth that name of "villain?"

Ulr. What

More noble name belongs to common thieves?

Wer. Who taught you thus to brand an unknown
being

With an infernal stigma?

Ulr. My own feelings

Taught me to name a ruffian from his deeds.

Wer. Who taught you, long-sought and ill-found
boy! that

It would be safe for my own son to insult me?

Ulr. I named a villain. What is there in common

With such a being and my father?

Wer. Every thing!

That ruffian is thy father!

Jos. Oh, my son!

Believe him not—and yet!—(*her voice falters.*)

Ulr. (*starts, looks earnestly at WERNER, and then
says slowly*) And you avow it?

Wer. Ulric, before you dare despise your father,

Learn to divin' and judge his actions. *Young,*

Rash, new to life, and rear'd in luxury's lap,

Is it for you to measure passion's force,

Or misery's temptation? Wait—(not long,

It cometh like the night, and quickly)—Wait!—

Wait till, like me, your hopes are blighted—till

Sorrow and shame are handmaids of your cabin;

Famine and poverty your guests at table;
 Despair your bed-fellow—then rise, but not
 From sleep, and judge! Should that day e'er arrive—
 Should you see then the serpent, who hath coil'd
 Himself around all that is dear and noble
 Of you and yours, lie slumbering in your path,
 With but *his* folds between your steps and happiness,
 When *he*, who lives but to tear from you name,
 Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with
 Chance your conductor; midnight for your mantle;
 The bare knife in your hand, and earth asleep,
 Even to your deadliest foe; and he as 't were
 Inviting death, by looking like it, while
 His death alone can save you:—Thank your God!
 If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
 You turn aside—I did so.

Ulr.

But —

Wer. (abruptly.)

Hear me!

I will not brook a human voice—scarce dare
 Listen to my own (if that be human still)—
 Hear me! you do not know this man—I do.
 He's mean, deceitful, avaricious. You
 Deem yourself safe, as young and brave; but learn
 None are secure from desperation, few
 From subtilty. My worst foe, Stralenheim,
 Housed in a prince's palace, couch'd within
 A prince's chamber, lay below my knife!
 An instant—a mere motion—the least impulse—
 Had swept him and all fears of mine from earth.
 He was within my power—my knife was raised—

Withdrawn—and I'm in his:—are you not so?
 Who tells you that he knows you *not*? Who says
 He hath not lured you here to end you? or
 To plunge you, with your parents, in a dungeon?

[*He pauses.*]

Ulr. Proceed—proceed!

Wer. *Me* he hath ever known,
 And hunted through each change of time—name—
 fortune—

And why not *you*? Are you more versed in men?
 He wound snares round me; flung along my path
 Reptiles, whom, in my youth, I would have spurn'd
 Even from my presence; but, in spurning now,
 Fill only with fresh venom. Will you be
 More patient? *Ulric!*—*Ulric!*—there are crimes
 Made venial by the occasion, and temptations
 Which nature cannot master or forbear.

Ulr. (*looks first at him, and then at JOSEPHINE.*)
 My mother!

Wer. Ay! I thought so: you have now
 Only one parent. I have lost alike
 Father and son, and stand alone.

Ulr. But stay!

[*WERNER rushes out of the chamber.*]

Jos. (*to ULRIC.*) Follow him not, until this storm of
 passion

Abates. Think'st thou, that were it well for him,
 I had not follow'd?

Ulr. I obey you, mother,

Although reluctantly. My first act shall not
Be one of disobedience.

Jos. Oh! he is good!

Condemn him not from his own mouth, but trust
To me, who have borne so much with him, and for him,
That this is but the surface of his soul,
And that the depth is rich in better things.

Ulr. These then are but my father's principles?
My mother thinks not with him?

Jos. Nor doth he
Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of grief
Have made him sometimes thus.

Ulr. Explain to me
More clearly, then, these claims of Stralenheim,
That, when I see the subject in its bearings,
I may prepare to face him, or at least
To extricate you from your present perils.
I pledge myself to accomplish this—but would
I had arrived a few hours sooner!

Jos. Ay!

Hadst thou but done so!

Enter GABOR and IDENSTEIN, with Attendants.

Gab. (to *ULRIC.*) I have sought you, comrade.
So this is my reward!

Ulr. What do you mean?

Gab. 'Sdeath! have I lived to these years, and for
this!

(*To IDENSTEIN.*) But for your age and folly, I would——

Iden.

Help!

Hands off! Touch an intendant!

Gab.

Do not think

I'll honour you so much as save your throat
From the Ravenstone* by choking you myself.

Iden. I thank you for the respite; but there are
Those who have greater need of it than me.

Ulr. Unriddle this vile wrangling, or——*Gab.*

At once, then,

The baron has been robb'd, and upon me
This worthy personage has deign'd to fix
His kind suspicions—me! whom he ne'er saw
Till yester' evening.

Iden.

Wouldst have me suspect

My own acquaintances? You have to learn
That I keep better company.

Gab.

You shall

Keep the best shortly, and the last for all men,
The worms! you hound of malice!

[GABOR seizes on him.]

Ulr. (*interfering.*)

Nay, no violence:

He's old, unarm'd—be temperate, Gabor!

Gab. (*letting go IDENSTEIN.*)

True:

I am a fool to lose myself because
Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.

Ulr. (*to IDENSTEIN.*)

How

Fare you?

* The Ravenstone, "Raverstein," is the *stone gilbet* of Germany, and so called from the ravens perching on it.

Iden. Help!

Ulr. I have help'd you.

Iden. Kill him! then
I'll say so.

Gab. I am calm—live on!

Iden. That's more
Than you shall do, if there be judge or judgment
In Germany. The baron shall decide!

Gab. Does he abet you in your accusation?

Iden. Does he not?

Gab. Then next time let him go sink
Ere I go hang for snatching him from drowning.
But here he comes!

Enter STRALENHEIM.

Gab. (*goes up to him.*) My noble lord, I'm here!

Stral. Well, sir!

Gab. Have you aught with me?

Stral. What should I
Have with you?

Gab. You know best, if yesterday's
Flood has not wash'd away your memory;
But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,
In phrases not equivocal, by yon
Intendant, of the pillage of your person
Or chamber:—is the charge your own or his?

Stral. I accuse no man.

Gab. Then you acquit me, baron?

Stral. I know not whom to accuse, or to acquit,
Or scarcely to suspect.

Gab. But you at least
Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am insulted—
Oppress'd here by these menials, and I look
To you for remedy—teach them their duty!
To look for thieves at home were part of it,
If duly taught; but, in one word, if I
Have an accuser, let it be a man
Worthy to be so of a man like me.
I am your equal.

Stral. You!

Gab. Ay, sir; and, for
Aught that you know, superior; but proceed—
I do not ask for hints, and surmises,
And circumstance, and proofs; I know enough
Of what I have done for you, and what you owe me,
To have at least waited your payment rather
Than paid myself, had I been eager of
Your gold. I also know that were I even
The villain I am deem'd, the service render'd
So recently would not permit you to
Pursue me to the death, except through shame,
Such as would leave your scutcheon but a blank.
But this is nothing: I demand of you
Justice upon your unjust servants, and
From your own lips a disavowal of
All sanction of their insolence: thus much
You owe to the unknown, who asks no more,
And never thought to have ask'd so much.

Stral. This tone
May be of innocence.

Gab. 'Sdeath! who dare doubt it,
Except such villains as ne'er had it?

Stral. You
Are hot, sir.

Gab. Must I turn an icicle
Before the breath of menials, and their master?

Stral. Ulric! you know this man; I found him in
Your company.

Gab. We found *you* in the Oder:
Would we had left you there!

Stral. I give you thanks, sir.

Gab. I've earn'd them; but might have earn'd more
from others,
Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.

Stral. Ulric! you know this man?

Gab. No more than you do,
If he avouches not my honour.

Ulr. I
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my
Own brief connexion led me, honour.

Stral. Then
I'm satisfied.

Gab. (*ironically.*) Right easily, methinks.
What is the spell in his asseveration
More than in mine?

Stral. I merely said that *I*
Was satisfied—not that you are absolved.

Gab. Again! Am I accused or no?

Stral. Go to!
You wax too insolent. If circumstance

And general suspicion be against you,
Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I
Decline all question of your guilt or innocence?

Gab. My lord, my lord, this is mere cozenage,
A vile equivocation; you well know
Your doubts are certainties to all around you—
Your looks a voice—your frowns a sentence; you
Are practising your power on me—because
You have it; but beware! you know not whom
You strive to tread on.

Stral. Threat'st thou?

Gab. Not so much
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury,
And I retort it with an open warning.

Stral. As you have said, 'tis true I owe you some-
thing,
For which you seem disposed to pay yourself.

Gab. Not with your gold.

Stral. With bootless insolence.

[*To his attendants and IDENSTEIN.*
You need not further to molest this man,
But let him go his way. Ulric, good morrow!

[*Exit STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and attendants.*

Gab. (*following.*) I'll after him and——

Ulr. (*stopping him.*) Not a step.

Gab. Who shall

Oppose me?

Ulr. Your own reason, with a moment's
Thought.

Gab. Must I bear this?

Ulr. Pshaw! we all must bear
The arrogance of something higher than
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper Satan,
Nor the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear
Things which had made this silkworm cast his skin—
And shrink you from a few sharp sneers and words?

Gab. Must I bear to be deem'd a thief? If 'twere
A bandit of the woods, I could have borne it—
There's something daring in it;—but to steal
The moneys of a slumbering man!—

Ulr. It seems, then,
You are *not* guilty?

Gab. Do I hear aright?
You too!

Ulr. I merely ask'd a simple question.

Gab. If the judge ask'd me, I would answer "No"—
To you I answer *thus*. (*He draws.*)

Ulr. (*drawing.*) With all my heart!

Jos. Without there! Ho! help! help!—Oh God!
here's murder! [*Exit JOSEPHINE, shrieking.*]

GABOR and ULRIC fight. GABOR is disarmed just as
STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE, IDENSTEIN, &c. re-enter.

Jos. Oh! glorious heaven! He's safe!

Stral. (*to JOSEPHINE.*) Who's safe?

Jos. My——

Ulr. (*interrupting her with a stern look, and turning
afterwards to STRALENHEIM*) Both!

Here's no great harm done.

Stral. What hath caused all this?

Ulr. You, baron, I believe; but as the effect
Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—Gabor!
There is your sword; and when you bare it next,
Let it not be against your *friends*.

[*ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly and emphatically in a low voice to GABOR.*

Gab. I thank you
Less for my life than for your counsel.

Stral. These
Brawls must end here.

Gab. (*taking his sword.*) They shall. You have
wrong'd me, Ulric,
More with your unkind thoughts than sword: I would
The last were in my bosom rather than
The first in yours. I could have borne yon noble's
Absurd insinuations—ignorance
And dull suspicion are a part of his
Intail will last him longer than his lands.—
But I may fit *him* yet:—you have vanquish'd me.
I was the fool of passion to conceive
That I could cope with you, whom I had seen
Already proved by greater perils than
Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,
However—but in friendship.

[*Exit GABOR.*

Stral. I will brook
No more! This outrage following up his insults,
Perhaps his guilt, has cancell'd all the little
I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted

Aid which he added to your abler succour.

Ulric, you are not hurt?—

Ulr. Not even by a scratch.

Stral. (to IDENSTEIN.) Intendant! take your measures
to secure

Yon fellow: I revoke my former lenity.

He shall be sent to Frankfort with an escort

The instant that the waters have abated.

Iden. Secure him! He hath got his sword again—
And seems to know the use on't; 'tis his trade,
Belike;—I'm a civilian.

Stral. Fool! are not

Yon score of vassals dogging at your heels

Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence! after him!

Ulr. Baron, I do beseech you!

Stral. I must be

Obey'd. No words!

Iden. Well, if it must be so—

March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will bring

The rear up: a wise general never should

Expose his precious life—on which all rests.

I like that article of war.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN and attendants.*]

Stral. Come hither,

Ulric: what does that woman here? Oh! now

I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife

Whom they name "Werner."

Ulr. 'Tis his name.

Stral. Indeed!

Is not your husband visible, fair dame?—

Jos. Who seeks him?

Stral. No one—for the present: but
I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself
Alone.

Ulr. I will retire with you.

Jos. Not so:
You are the latest stranger, and command
All places here.

(*Aside to ULRIC as she goes out.*) O Ulric! have a
care—

Remember what depends on a rash word!

Ulr. (to JOSEPHINE.)

Fear not!—

[*Exit JOSEPHINE.*]

Stral. Ulric, I think that I may trust you:
You saved my life—and acts let these beget
Unbounded confidence.

Ulr. Say on.

Stral. Mysterious
And long-engender'd circumstances (not
To be now fully enter'd on) have made
This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to me.

Ulr. Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

Stral. No—this “Werner”—
With the false name and habit.

Ulr. How can this be?
He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow
Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:
The man is helpless.

Stral. He is—'tis no matter;—
But if he be the man I deem (and that

He is so, all around us here—and much
 That is not here—confirm my apprehension)
 He must be made secure ere twelve hours further.

Ulr. And what have I to do with this?

Stral. I have sent
 To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend,
 (I have the authority to do so by
 An order of the house of Brandenburg)
 For a fit escort—but this cursed flood
 Bars all access, and may do for some hours.

Ulr. It is abating.

Stral. That is well.

Ulr. But how
 Am I concern'd?

Stral. As one who did so much
 For me, you cannot be indifferent to
 That which is of more import to me than
 The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on *him!*
 The man avoids me, knows that I now know him.—
 Watch him!—as you would watch the wild boar when
 He makes against you in the hunter's gap—
 Like him he must be spear'd.

Ulr. Why so?

Stral. He stands
 Between me and a brave inheritance!
 Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

Ulr. I hope so.

Stral. It is the richest of the rich Bohemia,
 Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so near
 The strongest city, Prague, that fire and sword

Have skimm'd it lightly: so that now, besides
 Its own exuberance, it bears double value
 Confronted with whole realms far and near
 Made deserts.

Ulr. You describe it faithfully.

Stral. Ay—could you see it, you would say so—
 but,

As I have said, you shall.

Ulr. I accept the omen.

Stral. Then claim a recompense from it and me,
 Such as *both* may make worthy your acceptance
 And services to me and mine for ever.

Ulr. And this sole, sick, and miserable wretch—
 This way-worn stranger—stands between you and
 This Paradise?—(As Adam did between
 The devil and his)—[*Aside.*]

Stral. He doth.

Ulr. Hath he no right?

Stral. Right! none. A disinherited prodigal,
 Who for these twenty years disgraced his lineage
 In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage,
 And living amidst commerce-fetching burghers,
 And dabbling merchants, in a mart of Jews.

Ulr. He has a wife, then?

Stral. You'd be sorry to
 Call such your mother. You have seen the woman
 He *calls* his wife.

Ulr. Is she not so?

Stral. No more
 Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,

The daughter of a banish'd man, who lives
On love and poverty with this same Werner.

Ulr. They are childless, then?

Stral. There is or was a bastard,
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as old age
Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom,
As it went chilly downward to the grave:
But the imp stands not in my path—he has fled,
No one knows whither; and if he had not,
His claims alone were too contemptible
To stand.—Why do you smile?

Ulr. At your vain fears:
A poor man almost in his grasp—a child
Of doubtless birth—can startle a grandee!

Stral. All's to be fear'd, where all is to be gain'd.

Ulr. True; and aught done to save or to obtain it.

Stral. You have harp'd the very string next to my
heart.

I may depend upon you?

Ulr. 'Twere too late
To doubt it.

Stral. Let no foolish pity shake
Your bosom (for the appearance of the man
Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely
To have robb'd me as the fellow more suspected,
Except that circumstance is less against him;
He being lodged far off, and in a chamber
Without approach to mine: and, to say truth,
I think too well of blood allied to mine,
To deem he would descend to such an act:

Besides he was a soldier, and a brave one
Once—though too rash.

Ulr. And they, my lord, we know
By our experience never plunder till
They knock the brains out first—which makes them
heirs,
Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought, can lose
nothing,
Nor e'er be robb'd: their spoils are a bequest—
No more.

Stral. Go to! you are a wag. But say
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this man,
And let me know his slightest movement towards
Concealment or escape?

Ulr. You may be sure
You yourself could not watch him more than I
Will be his sentinel.

Stral. By this you make me
Yours, and for ever.

Ulr. Such is my intention. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the secret
Passage leads.*

Enter WERNER and GABOR.

Gab. Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please you
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—
If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

Wer. How
Can I, so wretched, give to Misery
A shelter?—wanting such myself as much
As e'er the hunted deer a covert—

Gab. Or
The wounded lion his cool cave. Methinks
You rather look like one would turn at bay,
And rip the hunter's entrails.

Wer. Ah?

Gab. I care not
If it be so, being much disposed to do
The same myself. But will you shelter me?
I am oppress'd like you—and poor like you—
Disgraced—

Wer. (*abruptly.*) Who told you that I was disgraced?

Gab. No one; nor did I say *you* were so: with
Your poverty my likeness ended; but
I said *I* was so—and would add, with truth,
As undeservedly as *you*.

Wer. Again!

As *I*?

Gab. Or any other honest man.
What the devil would you have? You don't believe me
Guilty of this base theft?

Wer. No, no—I cannot.

Gab. Why that's my heart of honour! yon young
gallant—
Your miserly intendant and dense noble—
All—all suspected me; and why? because
I am the worst-clothed, and least named amongst them;

Although, were Momus' lattice in your breasts,
 My soul might brook to open it more widely
 Than theirs: but thus it is—you poor and helpless—
 Both still more than myself.

Wer. How know you that?

Gab. You're right: I ask for shelter at the hand
 Which I call helpless; if you now deny it,
 I were well paid. But you, who seem to have proved
 The wholesome bitterness of life, know well,
 By sympathy, that all the outspread gold
 Of the New World the Spaniard boasts about
 Could never tempt the man who knows its worth,
 Weigh'd at its proper value in the balance,
 Save in such guise (and there I grant its power,
 Because I feel it) as may leave no nightmare
 Upon his heart o' nights.

Wer. What do you mean?

Gab. Just what I say; I thought my speech was
 plain:
 You are no thief—nor I—and, as true men,
 Should aid each other.

Wer. It is a damn'd world, sir.

Gab. So is the nearest of the two next, as
 The priests say (and no doubt they should know
 best),
 Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth
 To suffer martyrdom, at least with such
 An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.
 It is but a night's lodging which I crave;

To-morrow I will try the waters, as
The dove did, trusting that they have abated.

Wer. Abated? Is there hope of that?

Gab. There was

At noontide.

Wer. Then we may be safe.

Gab. Are you

In peril?

Wer. Poverty is ever so.

Gab. That I know by long practice. Will you not
Promise to make mine less?

Wer. Your poverty?

Gab. No—you don't look a leech for that disorder;
I meant my peril only: you've a roof,
And I have none; I merely seek a covert.

Wer. Rightly; for how should such a wretch as I
Have gold?

Gab. Scarce honestly, to say the truth on't,
Although I almost wish you had the baron's.

Wer. Dare you insinuate?

Gab. What?

Wer. Are you aware

To whom you speak?

Gab. No; and I am not used
Greatly to care. (*A noise heard without.*) But hark!
they come!

Wer. Who come?

Gab. The intendant and his man-hounds after me:
I'd face them—but it were in vain to expect

Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall I go?
 But show me any place. I do assure you,
 If there be faith in man, I am most guiltless:
 Think if it were your own case!

Wer. (*Aside.*) Oh, just God!

Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?

Gab. I see you're moved; and it shows well in you:
 I may live to requite it.

Wer. Are you not

A spy of Stralenheim's?

Gab. Not I! and if

I were, what is there to espy in you?

Although I recollect his frequent question
 About you and your spouse might lead to some
 Suspicion; but you best know—what—and why.
 I am his deadliest foe.

Wer. You?

Gab. After such

A treatment for the service which in part

I render'd him, I am his enemy:

If you are not his friend, you will assist me.

Wer. I will.

Gab. But how?

Wer. (*showing the panel.*) There is a secret spring:
 Remember, I discover'd it by chance,
 And used it but for safety.

Gab. Open it,

And I will use it for the same.

Wer. I found it,

As I have said: it leads through winding walls,

(So thick as to bear paths within their ribs,
 Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness)
 And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to
 I know not whither; you must not advance:
 Give me your word.

Gab. It is unnecessary:

How should I make my way in darkness through
 A Gothic labyrinth of unknown windings?

Wer. Yes, but who knows to what place it may
 lead?

I know not—(mark you!)—but who knows it might not
 Lead even into the chamber of your foe?
 So strangely were contrived these galleries
 By our Teutonic fathers in old days,
 When man built less against the elements
 Than his next neighbour. You must not advance
 Beyond the two first windings; if you do
 (Albeit I never pass'd them), I'll not answer
 For what you may be led to.

Gab. But I will.

A thousand thanks!

Wer. You'll find the spring more obvious
 On the other side; and, when you would return,
 It yields to the least touch.

Gab. I'll in—farewell!

[GABOR goes in by the secret panel.]

Wer. (*solus.*) What have I done? Alas! what had
 I done

Before to make this fearful? Let it be
 Still some atonement that I save the man,

Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my own—
They come ! to seek elsewhere what is before them !

Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.

Iden. Is he not here? He must have vanish'd then
Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid
Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow
Casements, through which the sunset streams like sun-
rise

On long pearl-colour'd beards and crimson crosses,
And gilded crosiers, and cross'd arms, and cowls,
And helmets, and twisted armour, and long swords,
All the fantastic furniture of windows
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose
Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims
As frail as any other life or glory.

He's gone, however.

Wer. Whom do you seek?

Iden. A villain

Wer. Why need you come so far, then?

Iden. In the search

Of him who robb'd the baron.

Wer. Are you sure

You have divined the man?

Iden. As sure as you

Stand there: but where's he gone?

Wer. Who?

Iden. He we sought.

Wer. You see he is not here.

Iden. And yet we traced him
Up to this hall. Are you accomplices?
Or deal you in the black art?

Wer. I deal plainly,
To many men the blackest.

Iden. It may be
I have a question or two for yourself
Hereafter; but we must continue now
Our search for t' other.

Wer. You had best begin
Your inquisition now: I may not be
So patient always.

Iden. I should like to know,
In good sooth, if you really are the man
That Stralenheim's in quest of.

Wer. Insolent!
Said you not that he was not here?

Iden. Yes, *one*;
But there's another whom he tracks more keenly,
And soon, it may be, with authority
Both paramount to his and mine. But, come!
Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN and attendants.*]

Wer. In what
A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!
And one base sin hath done me less ill than
The leaving undone one far greater. Down,
Thou busy devil, rising in my heart!
Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with blood.

Enter ULRIC.

Ulr. I sought you, father.

Wer. Is't not dangerous?

Ulr. No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all
Or any of the ties between us: more—
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,
Deeming me wholly his.

Wer. I cannot think it:
'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,
To swoop the sire and son at once.

Ulr. I cannot
Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at
The doubts that rise like briars in our path,
But must break through them, as an unarm'd carle
Would, though with naked limbs, were the wolf
rustling
In the same thicket where he hew'd for bread.
Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught so:
We'll overfly or rend them.

Wer. Show me *how*?

Ulr. Can you not guess?

Wer. I cannot.

Ulr. That is strange.

Came the thought ne'er into your mind *last night*?

Wer. I understand you not.

Ulr. Then we shall never
More understand each other. But to change
The topic——

Wer. You mean to *pursue* it, as
'Tis of our safety.

Ulr. Right; I stand corrected.
I see the subject now more clearly, and
Our general situation in its bearings.
The waters are abating; a few hours
Will bring his summon'd myrmidons from Frankfort,
When you will be a prisoner, perhaps worse,
And I an outcast, bastardized by practice
Of this same baron to make way for him.

Wer. And now your remedy! I thought to escape
By means of this accursed gold; but now
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.
Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt
For motto, not the mintage of the state;
And, for the sovereign's head, my own begirt
With hissing snakes, which curl around my temples,
And cry to all beholders, Lo! a villain!

Ulr. You must not use it, at least now; but take
This ring. [*He gives WERNER a jewel.*]

Wer. A gem! It was my father's!

Ulr. And
As such is now your own. With this you must
Bribe the intendant for his old calèche
And horses to pursue your route at sunrise,
Together with my mother.

Wer. And leave you,
So lately found, in peril too?

Ulr. Fear nothing!

The only fear were if we fled together,
 For that would make our ties beyond all doubt.
 The waters only lie in flood between
 This burgh and Frankfort; so far's in our favour.
 The route on to Bohemia, though encumber'd,
 Is not impassable; and when you gain
 A few hours' start, the difficulties will be
 The same to your pursuers. Once beyond
 The frontier, and you're safe.

Wer. My noble boy!

Ulr. Hush! hush! no transports: we'll indulge in
 them

In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold:
 Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,
 And have look'd through him): it will answer thus
 A double purpose. Stralenheim lost *gold*—
 No jewel: therefore it could *not* be his;
 And then the man who was possess'd of this
 Can hardly be suspected of abstracting
 The baron's coin, when he could thus convert
 This ring to more than Stralenheim has lost
 By his last night's slumber. Be not over timid
 In your address, nor yet too arrogant,
 And Idenstein will serve you.

Wer. I will follow

In all things your direction.

Ulr. I would have

Spared you the trouble; but had I appear'd
 To take an interest in you, and still more

By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,
All had been known at once.

Wer. My guardian angel!
This overpays the past. But how wilt thou
Fare in our absence?

Ulr. Stralenheim knows nothing
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.
I will but wait a day or two with him
To lull all doubts, and then rejoin my father.

Wer. To part no more!

Ulr. I know not that; but at
The least we'll meet again once more.

Wer. My boy!
My friend! my only child, and sole preserver!
Oh, do not hate me!

Ulr. Hate my father!

Wer. Ay,
My father hated me. Why not my son?

Ulr. Your father knew you not as I do.

Wer. Scorpions
Are in thy words! Thou know me? in this guise
Thou canst not know me, I am not myself;
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

Ulr. I'll wait!
In the mean time be sure that all a son
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

Wer. I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel
Further—that you despise me.

Ulr. Wherefore should I?

Wer. Must I repeat my humiliation?

Ulr. No!

I have fathom'd it and you. But let us talk
Of this no more. Or if it must be ever,
Not *now*. Your error has redoubled all
The present difficulties of our house,
At secret war with that of Stralenheim:
All we have now to think of is to baffle
HIM. I have shown *one* way.

Wer. The only one,
And I embrace it, as I did my son,
Who show'd *himself* and father's *safety* in
One day.

Ulr. You *shall* be safe; let that suffice.
Would Stralenheim's appearance in Bohemia
Disturb your right, or mine, if once we were
Admitted to our lands?

Wer. Assuredly,
Situate as we are now, although the first
Possessor might, as usual, prove the strongest,
Especially the next in blood.

Ulr. *Blood!* 'tis
A word of many meanings; in the veins
And out of them, it is a different thing—
And so it should be, when the same in blood
(As it is call'd) are aliens to each other,
Like Theban brethren: when a part is bad,
A few spilt ounces purify the rest.

Wer. I do not apprehend you.

Ulr. That may be—
 And should, perhaps—and yet—but get ye ready;
 You and my mother must away to-night.
 Here comes the intendant: sound him with the gem;
 'Twill sink into his venal soul like lead
 Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,
 And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead doth
 With its greased understratum; but no less
 Will serve to warn our vessels through these shoals.
 The freight is rich, so heave the line in time!
 Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your *hand*,
 My father!—

Wer. Let me embrace thee!

Ulr. We may be
 Observed: subdue your nature to the hour!
 Keep off from me as from your foe!

Wer. Accursed
 Be he who is the stifling cause which smothers
 The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts;
 At such an hour too!

Ulr. Yes, curse—it will ease you!
 Here is the intendant.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Master Idenstein,
 How fare you in your purpose? Have you caught
 The rogue?

Iden. No, faith!

Ulr. Well, there are plenty more:

You may have better luck another chase.

Where is the baron?

Iden. Gone back to his chamber :
And now I think on't, asking after you
With nobly-born impatience.

Ulr. Your great men
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the bound
Of the stung steed replies unto the spur :
'Tis well they have horses, too; for if they had not,
I fear that men must draw their chariots, as
They say kings did Sesostris.

Iden. Who was he?

Ulr. An old Bohemian—an imperial gipsy.

Iden. A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the same,
For they pass by both names. And was he one?

Ulr. I've heard so; but I must take leave. In-
tendant,
Your servant!—Werner (*to WERNER slightly*), if that
be your name,

Yours. [*Exit ULRIC.*]

Iden. A well-spoken, pretty-faced young man!
And prettily behaved! He knows his station,
You see, sir: how he gave to each his due
Precedence!

Wer. I perceived it, and applaud
His just discernment and your own.

Iden. That's well—
That's very well. You also know your place, too;
And yet I don't know that I know your place.

Wer. (*showing the ring.*) Would this assist your knowledge?

Iden. How!—What!—Eh!

A jewel!

Wer. 'Tis your own on one condition.

Iden. Mine!—Name it!

Wer. That hereafter you permit me
At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis

A family ring.

Iden. A family!—*yours!*—a gem!

I'm breathless!

Wer. You must also furnish me
An hour ere daybreak with all means to quit
This place.

Iden. But is it real? Let me look on it:
Diamond, by all that's glorious!

Wer. Come, I'll trust you:
You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was born above
My present seeming.

Iden. I can't say I did,
Though this looks like it: this is the true breeding
Of gentle blood!

Wer. I have important reasons
For wishing to continue privily
My journey hence.

Iden. So then *you are* the man
Whom Stralenheim's in quest of?

Wer. I am not;
But being taken for him might conduct

So much embarrassment to me just now,
And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

Iden. Be you the man or no, 'tis not my business;
Besides, I never should obtain the half
From this proud, niggardly noble, who would raise
The country for some missing bits of coin,
And never offer a precise reward—
But *this!*—another look!

Wer. Gaze on it freely;
At day-dawn it is yours.

Iden. Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of
The soul! the true magnetic Pole to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which, sitting
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the majesty who sweats
Beneath the crown which makes his head ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, already
A little king, a lucky alchemist!—
A wise magician, who has bound the devil
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?

Wer. Call me Werner still;
You may yet know me by a loftier title.

Iden. I do believe in thee! thou art the spirit

Of whom I long have dream'd in a low garb.—
 But come, I'll serve thee; thou shalt be as free
 As air, despite the waters; let us hence:
 I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou jewel!)
 Thou shalt be furnish'd, Werner, with such means
 Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds
 Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze again!
 I have a foster-brother in the mart
 Of Hamburgh skill'd in precious stones. How many
 Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I will wing thee.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

STRALENHEIM'S Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

Fritz. All's ready, my good lord!

Stral.

I am not sleepy,

And yet I must to bed; I fain would say
 To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,
 Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
 Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
 Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
 Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
 'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between man
 And man, an everlasting mist;—I will
 Unto my pillow.

Fritz. May you rest there well!

Stral. I feel, and fear, I shall.

Fritz. And wherefore fear?

Stral. I know not why, and therefore do fear more,
Because an undescribable — but 'tis
All folly. Were the locks (as I desired)
Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for last night's
Adventure makes it needful.

Fritz. Certainly,
According to your order, and beneath
The inspection of myself and the young Saxon
Who saved your life. I think they call him "Ulric."

Stral. You think! you supercilious slave! what right
Have you to *tax your* memory, which should be
Quick, proud, and happy to retain the *name*
Of him who saved your master, as a litany
Whose daily repetition marks your duty.—
Get hence! "*You think,*" indeed! you who stood still
Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst I
Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside
The roaring torrent, and restored me to
Thank him—and despise you. "*You think!*" and scarce
Can recollect his name! I will not waste
More words on you. Call me betimes.

Fritz. Good night!
I trust to-morrow will restore your lordship
To renovated strength and temper.

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

*The secret Passage.**Gab. (solus).*

Four—

Five—six hours have I counted, like the guard
 Of outposts on the never-merry clock:
 That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
 It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
 With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,
 Though for a marriage-feast it rings: each stroke
 Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
 Of Love deep-buried without resurrection
 In the grave of Possession; while the knoll
 Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
 To triple Time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—

I'm dark;—I've blown my fingers—number'd o'er
 And o'er my steps—and knock'd my head against
 Some fifty buttresses—and roused the rats
 And bats in general insurrection, till
 Their cursed pattering feet and whirling wings
 Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.
 A light! It is at distance (if I can
 Measure in darkness distance): but it blinks
 As through a crevice or a key-hole, in
 The inhibited direction: I must on,
 Nevertheless, from curiosity.
 A distant lamp-light is an incident
 In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead me

To nothing that may tempt me! Else—Heaven aid me
 To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!
 Were it the star of Lucifer himself,
 Or he himself girt with its beams, I could
 Contain no longer. Softly! mightily well!
 That corner's turn'd—so—ah! no;—right! it draws
 Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so,
 That's weather'd.—Let me pause.—Suppose it leads
 Into some greater danger than that which
 I have escaped—no matter, 'tis a new one;
 And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,
 Wear more magnetic aspects:—I will on,
 And be it where it may—I have my dagger,
 Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn still,
 Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis fatuus!*
 My stationary Will-o'the-wisp!—So! so!
 He hears my invocation, and fails not.

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.

A Garden.

Enter WERNER.

I could not sleep—and now the hour's at hand;
 All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word;
 And station'd in the outskirts of the town,
 Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle
 Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars begin
 To pale in heaven; and for the last time I

Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never, never
 Shall I forget them. Here I came most poor,
 But not dishonour'd: and I leave them with
 A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in
 My heart!—a never-dying canker-worm,
 Which all the coming splendour of the lands,
 And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf
 Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find
 Some means of restitution, which would ease
 My soul in part; but how without discovery?—
 It must be done, however; and I'll pause
 Upon the method the first hour of safety.
 The madness of my misery led to this
 Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:
 I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon
 My spirit, though he would grasp all of mine;
 Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps! as soundly,
 Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous curtains
 Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows,
 Such as when——Hark! what noise is that? Again!
 The branches shake; and some loose stones have fallen
 From yonder terrace.

[ULRIC leaps down from the terrace.

Ulric! ever welcome!

Thrice welcome now! this filial——

Ulr.

Stop! Before

We approach, tell me——

Wer.

Why look you so?

Ulr.

Do I

Behold my father, or——

Wer. What?

Ulr. An assassin?

Wer. Insane or insolent!

Ulr. Reply, sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

Wer. To what must I
Answer?

Ulr. Are you or are you not the assassin
Of Stralenheim?

Wer. I never was as yet
The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulr. Did not you *this* night (as the night before)
Retrace the secret passage? Did you not
Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber? and——

[*ULRIC* pauses.]

Wer. Proceed.

Ulr. Died he not by your hand?

Wer. Great God!

Ulr. You are innocent, then! my father's innocent!
Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your look—yes, yes,—
Yet *say* so.

Wer. If I e'er, in heart or mind,
Conceived deliberately such a thought,
But rather strove to trample back to hell
Such thoughts—if e'er they glared a moment through
The irritation of my oppressed spirit—
May heaven be shut for ever from my hopes
As from mine eyes!

Ulr. But Stralenheim is dead.

Wer. 'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as 'tis hateful!—
But what have I to do with this?

Ulr. No bolt
Is forced; no violence can be detected,
Save on his body. Part of his own household
Have been alarm'd; but as the intendant is
Absent, I took upon myself the care
Of mustering the police. His chamber has,
Past doubt, been enter'd secretly. Excuse me,
If nature——

Wer. Oh, my boy! what unknown woes
Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering
Above our house!

Ulr. My father! I acquit you!
But will the world do so? will even the judge,
If——But you must away this instant.

Wer. No!
I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

Ulr. Yet
You had *no* guests—*no* visitors—*no* life
Breathing around you, save my mother's?

Wer. Ah!
The Hungarian!

Ulr. He is gone! he disappear'd
Ere sunset.

Wer. No; I hid him in that very
Conceal'd and fatal gallery.

Ulr. There I'll find him.

[ULRIC is going.]

Wer. It is too late: he had left the palace ere
I quitted it. I found the secret panel
Open, and the doors which lead from that hall
Which masks it: I but thought he had snatch'd the silent
And favourable moment to escape
The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were
Dogging him yester-even.

Ulr. You reclosed
The panel?

Wer. Yes; and not without reproach
(And inner trembling for the avoided peril)
At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus
His shelterer's asylum to the risk
Of a discovery.

Ulr. You are sure you closed it?

Wer. Certain.

Ulr. That's well; but had been better, if
You ne'er had turn'd it to a den for—— [*He pauses.*

Wer. Thieves!
Thou wouldst say: I must bear it and deserve it;
But not——

Ulr. No, father; do not speak of this:
This is no hour to think of petty crimes,
But to prevent the consequence of great ones.
Why would you shelter this man?

Wer. Could I shun it?
A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced
For my own crime; a victim to *my* safety,
Imploring a few hours' concealment from

The very wretch who was the cause he needed
Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not
Have in such circumstances thrust him forth.

Ulr. And like the wolf he hath repaid you. But
It is too late to ponder thus:—you must
Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to
Trace the murderer, if 'tis possible.

Wer. But this my sudden flight will give the Moloch
Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu
Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian,
Who seems the culprit, and——

Ulr. Who seems? Who else
Can be so?

Wer. Not *I*, though just now you doubted—
You, my *son!*—doubted——

Ulr. And do you doubt of him
The fugitive?

Wer. Boy! since I fell into
The abyss of crime (though not of *such* crime), I,
Having seen the innocent oppress'd for me,
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt. Your heart
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to accuse
Appearances; and views a criminal
In Innocence's shadow, it may be,
Because 'tis dusky.

Ulr. And if I do so,
What will mankind, who know you not, or knew
But to oppress? You must not stand the hazard.
Away!—I'll make all easy. Idenstein

Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold
 His peace—he also is a partner in
 Your flight—moreover——

Wer. Fly! and leave my name
 Link'd with the Hungarian's, or preferr'd as poorest,
 To bear the brand of bloodshed?

Ulr. Pshaw! leave anything
 Except our father's sovereignty and castles,
 For which you have so long panted and in vain!
 What *name*? You have *no name*, since that you bear
 Is feign'd.

Wer. Most true; but still I would not have it
 Engraved in crimson in men's memories,
 Though in this most obscure abode of men——
 Besides, the search——

Ulr. I will provide against
 Aught that can touch you. No one knows you here
 As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein
 Suspects, 'tis *but suspicion*, and he is
 A fool: his folly shall have such employment,
 Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way
 To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er
 Laws reach'd this village) are all in abeyance
 With the late general war of thirty years,
 Or crush'd, or rising slowly from the dust,
 To which the march of armies trampled them.
 Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded
Here, save as *such*—without lands, influence,
 Save what hath perish'd with him. Few prolong
 A week beyond their funeral rites their sway

O'er men, unless by relatives, whose interest
Is roused: such is not here the case; he died
Alone, unknown,—a solitary grave,
Obscure as his deserts, without a scutcheon,
Is all he'll have, or wants. If *I* discover
The assassin, 'twill be well—if not, believe me
None else; though all the full-fed train of menials
May howl above his ashes (as they did
Around him in his danger on the Oder)
Will no more stir a finger *now* than *then*.
Hence! hence! I must not hear your answer.—Look!
The stars are almost faded, and the gray
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.
You shall not answer—Pardon me that I
Am peremptory; 'tis your son that speaks,
Your long-lost, late-found son.—Let's call my mother!
Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest
To me: I'll answer for the event as far
As regards *you*, and that is the chief point,
As my first duty, which shall be observed.
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once more
Our banners shall be glorious! Think of that
Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,
Whose youth may better battle with them.—Hence!
And may your age be happy!—I will kiss
My mother once more, then Heaven's speed be with you!
Wer. This counsel's safe—but is it honourable?
Ulr. To save a father is a child's chief honour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Gothic Hall, in the Castle of Siegendorf, near Prague.

Enter ERIC and HENRICK, retainers of the Count.

Eric. So better times are come at last; to these
Old walls new masters and high wassail—both
A long desideratum.

Hen. Yes, for masters,
It might be unto those who long for novelty,
Though made by a new grave: but as for wassail,
Methinks the old Count Siegendorf maintain'd
His feudal hospitality as high
As e'er another prince of the empire.

Eric. Why,
For the mere cup and trencher, we no doubt
Fared passing well; but as for merriment
And sport, without which salt and sauces season
The cheer but scantily, our sizings were
Even of the narrowest.

Hen. The old count loved not
The roar of revel; are you sure that *this* does?

Eric. As yet he hath been courteous as he's bounteous,
And we all love him.

Hen. His reign is as yet
Hardly a year o'erpast its honey-moon,
And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:

Anon, we shall perceive his real sway
And moods of mind.

Eric. Pray Heaven he keep the present!
Then his brave son, Count Ulric—there's a knight!
Pity the wars are o'er!

Hen. Why so?

Eric. Look on him!
And answer that yourself.

Hen. He's very youthful,
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

Eric. That's not a faithful vassal's likeness.

Hen. But
Perhaps a true one.

Eric. Pity, as I said,
The wars are over: in the hall, who like
Count Ulric for a well-supported pride,
Which awes, but yet offends not? in the field,
Who like him with his spear in hand, when, gnashing
His tusks, and ripping up from right to left
The howling hounds, the boar makes for the thicket?
Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or wears
A sword like him? Whose plume nods knightlier?

Hen. No one's, I grant you. Do not fear, if war
Be long in coming, he is of that kind
Will make it for himself, if he hath not
Already done as much.

Eric. What do you mean?

Hen. You can't deny his train of followers
(But few our native fellow vassals born

On the domain) are such a sort of knaves
As——(*Pauses.*)

Eric. What?

Hen. The war (you love so much) leaves living.
Like other parents, she spoils her worst children.

Eric. Nonsense! they are all brave iron-visaged
fellows,
Such as old Tilly loved.

Hen. And who loved Tilly?
Ask that at Magdebourg—or for that matter
Wallenstein either;—they are gone to——

Eric. Rest;
But what beyond 'tis not ours to pronounce.

Hen. I wish they had left us something of their rest:
The country (nominally now at peace)
Is overrun with—God knows who: they fly
By night, and disappear with sunrise; but
Leave us no less desolation, nay, even more,
Than the most *open* warfare.

Eric. But Count Ulric—
What has all this to do with him?

Hen. With *him!*
He——might prevent it. As you say he's fond
Of war, why makes he it not on those marauders?

Eric. You 'd better ask himself?

Hen. I would as soon
Ask the lion why he laps not milk.

Eric. And here he comes!

Hen. The devil! you 'll hold your tongue?

Eric. Why do you turn so pale?

Hen. 'Tis nothing—but
Be silent.

Eric. I will upon what you have said.

Hen. I assure you I meant nothing,—a mere sport
Of words, no more; besides, had it been otherwise,
He is to espouse the gentle baroness
Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's heiress;
And she no doubt will soften whatsoever
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars
Have given all natures, and most unto those
Who were born in them, and bred up upon
The knees of Homicide; sprinkled, as it were,
With blood even at their baptism. Prithee, peace
On all that I have said!

Enter ULRIC and RODOLPH.

Good morrow, count.

Ulr. Good morrow, worthy Henrick. Eric, is
All ready for the chase?

Eric. The dogs are order'd
Down to the forest, and the vassals out
To beat the bushes, and the day looks promising.
Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?
What courser will you please to mount?

Ulr. The dun,
Walstein.

Eric. I fear he scarcely has recover'd
The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase:
You spear'd *four* with your own hand.

Ulr. True, good Eric;

I had forgotten—let it be the gray, then,
 Old Ziska: he has not been out this fortnight.

Eric. He shall be straight caparison'd. How many
 Of your immediate retainers shall
 Escort you?

Ulr. I leave that to Weilburgh, our
 Master of the horse. [*Exit ERIC.*

Rodolph!

Rod. My lord!

Ulr. The news
 Is awkward from the— (*RODOLPH points to HENRICK*)
 How now, Henrick? why

Loiter you here?

Hen. For your commands, my lord.

Ulr. Go to my father, and present my duty,
 And learn if he would aught with me before
 I mount. [*Exit HENRICK.*

Rodolph, our friends have had a check
 Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and
 'Tis rumour'd that the column sent against them
 Is to be strengthen'd. I must join them soon.

Rod. Best wait for further and more sure advices.

Ulr. I mean it—and indeed it could not well
 Have fallen out at a time more opposite
 To all my plans.

Rod. It will be difficult
 To excuse your absence to the count your father.

Ulr. Yes, but the unsettled state of our domain
 In high Silesia will permit and cover
 My journey. In the mean time, when we are

Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty men
Whom Wolffe leads—keep the forests on your route:
You know it well?

Rod. As well as on that night
When we—

Ulr. We will not speak of that until
We can repeat the same with like success:
And when you have join d, give Rosenberg this letter.
[Gives a letter.

Add further, that I have sent this slight addition
To our force with you and Wolffe, as herald of
My coming, though I could but spare them ill
At this time, as my father loves to keep
Full numbers of retainers round the castle,
Until this marriage, and its feasts and fooleries,
Are rung out with its peal of nuptial nonsense.

Rod. I thought you loved the lady Ida?

Ulr. Why,

I do so—but it follows not from that
I would bind in my youth and glorious years,
So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,
Although 'twere that of Venus;—but I love her,
As woman should be loved, fairly and solely.

Rod. And constantly?

Ulr. I think so; for I love
Nought else.—But I have not the time to pause
Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great things
We have to do ere long. Speed! speed! good Rodolph!

Rod. On my return, however, I shall find
The Baroness Ida lost in Countess Siegendorf?

Ulr. Perhaps my father wishes it; and sooth
'Tis no bad policy: this union with
The last bud of the rival branch at once
Unites the future and destroys the past.

Rod. Adieu.

Ulr. Yet hold—we had better keep together
Until the chase begins; then draw thou off,
And do as I have said.

Rod. I will. But to
Return—'twas a most kind act in the count
Your father to send up to Konigsberg
For this fair orphan of the baron, and
To hail her as his daughter.

Ulr. Wondrous kind!
Especially as little kindness till
Then grew between them.

Rod. The late baron died
Of a fever, did he not?

Ulr. How should I know?

Rod. I have heard it whisper'd there was something
strange
About his death—and even the place of it
Is scarcely known.

Ulr. Some obscure village on
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.

Rod. He
Has left no testament—no farewell words?

Ulr. I am neither confessor nor notary,
So cannot say.

Rod. Ah! here's the lady Ida.

Enter IDA STRALENHEIM.

Ulr. You are early, my sweet cousin!

Ida. Not too early,

Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.

Why do you call me "*cousin*?"

Ulr. (smiling.) Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name; methinks
It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon
Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ulr. (starting.) Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your cheeks?

Ulr. Ay! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a torrent
Even to your brow again.

Ulr. (recovering himself). And if it fled,
It only was because your presence sent it
Back to my heart, which beats for you, sweet cousin!

Ida. "Cousin" again.

Ulr. Nay, then I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse.—Would we had
ne'er

Been aught of kindred!

Ulr. (gloomily.) Would we never had!

Ida. Oh heavens! and can you wish that?

Ulr. Dearest *Ida*!

Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, *Ulric*,

But then I wish'd it not with such a glance,
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be

Sister, or cousin, what you will, so that
I still to you am something.

Ulr. You shall be
All—all——

Ida. And you to *me* are so already;
But I can wait.

Ulr. Dear *Ida*!

Ida. Call me *Ida*,
Your *Ida*, for I would be yours, none else's—
Indeed I have none else left, since my poor father—

[*She pauses.*]

Ulr. You have *mine*—you have *me*.

Ida. Dear *Ulric*, how I wish
My father could but view my happiness,
Which wants but this!

Ulr. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him,
He you; for the brave ever love each other:
His manner was a little cold, his spirit
Proud (as is birth's prerogative); but under
This grave exterior—Would you had known each
other!

Had such as you been near him on his journey,
He had not died without a friend to soothe
His last and lonely moments.

Ulr. Who says *that*?

Ida. What?

Ulr. That he *died alone*.

Ida. The general rumour,
And disappearance of his servants, who

Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most deadly
Which swept them all away.

Ulr. If they were near him,
He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a deathbed,
When the dim eye rolls vainly round for what
It loves?—They say he died of a fever.

Ulr. *Say!*
It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ulr. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as
I see you.

Ulr. Where?

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie
Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised knife
Beside him.

Ulr. But you do not see his face?

Ida (*looking at him.*) No! Oh, my God! do you?

Ulr. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a murderer!

Ulr. (*agitatedly.*) *Ida*, this is mere childishness;
your weakness

Infects me, to my shame; but as all feelings
Of yours are common to me, it affects me.

Prithee, sweet child, change—

Ida. Child, indeed! I have
Full fifteen summers! [*A bugle sounds.*]

Rod. Hark, my lord, the bugle!

Ida (*peevishly to RODOLPH.*) Why need you tell him that? Can he not hear it Without your echo?

Rod. Pardon me, fair baroness!

Ida. I will not pardon you, unless you earn it By aiding me in my dissuasion of Count Ulric from the chase to-day.

Rod. You will not, Lady, need aid of mine.

Ulr. I must not now Forego it.

Ida. But you shall!

Ulr. *Shall!*

Ida. Yes, or be No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric! yield to me In this, for this one day: the day looks heavy, And you are turn'd so pale and ill.

Ulr. You jest.

Ida. Indeed I do not:—ask of Rodolph.

Rod. Truly, My lord, within this quarter of an hour You have changed more than e'er I saw you change In years.

Ulr. 'Tis nothing; but if 'twere, the air Would soon restore me. I'm the true chameleon, And live but on the atmosphere; your feasts In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not My spirit—I'm a forester and breather Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all The eagle loves.

Ida. Except his prey, I hope.

Ulr. Sweet *Ida*, wish me a fair chase, and I
Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

Ida. And will you not stay, then? You shall not go!
Come! I will sing to you.

Ulr. *Ida*, you scarcely
Will make a soldier's wife.

Ida. I do not wish
To be so; for I trust these wars are over,
And you will live in peace on your domains.

Enter WERNER as COUNT SIEGENDORF.

Ulr. My father, I salute you, and it grieves me
With such brief greeting.—You have heard our bugle;
The vassals wait.

Sieg. So let them.—You forget
To-morrow is the appointed festival
In Prague for peace restored. You are apt to follow
The chase with such an ardour as will scarce
Permit you to return to-day; or if
Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-morrow
The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

Ulr. You, count,
Will well supply the place of both—I am not
A lover of these pageantries.

Sieg. No, *Ulric*:
It were not well that you alone of all
Our young nobility—

Ida. And far the noblest
In aspect and demeanour.

Sieg. (to *IDA*.) True, dear child,
 Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel.—
 But, *Ulric*, recollect too our position,
 So lately reinstated in our honours.
 Believe me, 'twould be mark'd in any house,
 But most in *ours*, that *ONE* should be found wanting
 At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven
 Which gave us back our own, in the same moment
 It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims
 On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country;
 And next, that we are here to share its blessings.

Ulr. (*aside.*) Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at once.
 (*Then aloud to a Servant.*)

Ludwig, dismiss the train without! [*Exit LUDWIG.*]

Ida. And so
 You yield at once to him what I for hours
 Might supplicate in vain.

Sieg. (*smiling.*) You are not jealous
 Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who
 Would sanction disobedience against all
 Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule him
 Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer.

Ida. But I should like to govern *now*.

Sieg. You shall,
 Your *harp*, which by the way awaits you with
 The countess in her chamber. She complains
 That you are a sad truant to your music:
 She attends you.

Ida. Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!
Ulric, you'll come and hear me?

Ulr. By and by.

Ida. Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles;
Then pray you be as punctual to its notes:
I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

Ulr. And why not
Old Tilly's?

Ida. Not that monster's! I should think
My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with music,
Could aught of *his* sound on it:—but come quickly;
Your mother will be eager to receive you. [*Exit* IDA.]

Sieg. Ulr, I wish to speak with you alone.

Ulr. My time's your vassal.—

(*Aside to* RODOLPH.) Rodolph, hence! and do
As I directed: and by his best speed
And readiest means let Rosenberg reply.

Rod. Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I am
bound
Upon a journey past the frontier.

Sieg. (*starts.*) Ah!—

Where? on *what* frontier?

Rod. The Silesian, on
My way—(*Aside to* ULRIC).—*Where* shall I say?

Ulr. (*aside to* RODOLPH.) To Hamburgh.

(*Aside to himself.*) That
Word will I think put a firm padlock on
His further inquisition.

Rod. Count, to Hamburgh.

Sieg. (*agitated.*) Hamburgh! No, I have nought to
do there, nor

Am aught connected with that city. Then
God speed you!

Rod. Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!
[Exit RODOLPH.]

Sieg. Ulric, this man, who has just departed, is
One of those strange companions whom I fain
Would reason with you on.

Ulr. My lord, he is
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses
In Saxony.

Sieg. I talk not of his birth,
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of him.

Ulr. So they will do of most men. Even the monarch
Is not fenced from his chamberlain's slander, or
The sneer of the last courtier whom he has made
Great and ungrateful.

Sieg. If I must be plain,
The world speaks more than lightly of this Rodolph:
They say he is leagued with the "black bands" who still
Ravage the frontier.

Ulr. And will you believe
The world?

Sieg. In this case—yes.

Ulr. In any case,
I thought you knew it better than to take
An accusation for a sentence.

Sieg. Son!
I understand you: you refer to—but
My Destiny has so involved about me
Her spider web, that I can only flutter

Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take heed,
 Ulric; you have seen to what the passions led me:
 Twenty long years of misery and famine
 Quench'd them not—twenty thousand more, perchance,
 Hereafter (or even here in *moments* which
 Might date for years, did Anguish make the dial)
 May not obliterate or expiate
 The madness and dishonour of an instant.
 Ulric, be warn'd by a father!—I was not
 By mine, and you behold me!

Ulr. I behold

The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,
 Lord of a prince's appanage, and honour'd
 By those he rules and those he ranks with.

Sieg. Ah!

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while I fear
 For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not!
 All hearts but one may beat in kindness for me—
 But if my son's is cold!—

Ulr. Who *dare* say that?

Sieg. None else but I, who see it—*feel* it—keener
 Than would your adversary, who dared say so,
 Your sabre in his heart! But mine survives
 The wound.

Ulr. You err. My nature is not given
 To outward fondling: how should it be so,
 After twelve years' divorcement from my parents?

Sieg. And did not *I* too pass those twelve torn years
 In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge you—
 Nature was never call'd back by remonstrance.

Let's change the theme. I wish you to consider
 That these young violent nobles of high name,
 But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all Rumour
 Reports be true), with whom thou consortest,
 Will lead thee——

Ulr. (impatiently.) I'll be led by no man.

Sieg.

Nor

Be leader of such, I would hope: at once
 To wean thee from the perils of thy youth
 And haughty spirit, I have thought it well
 That though shouldst wed the lady Ida—more
 As thou appear'st to love her.

Ulr.

I have said

I will obey your orders, were they to
 Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?

Sieg. He says too much in saying this. It is not
 The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,
 Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,
 Or act so carelessly, in that which is
 The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,
 (For Glory's pillow is but restless if
 Love lay not down his cheek there): some strong bias,
 Some master fiend is in thy service to
 Misrule the mortal who believes him slave,
 And makes his every thought subservient; else
 Thou'dst say at once—"I love young Ida, and
 Will wed her;" or, "I love her not, and all
 The powers of earth shall never make me."—So
 Would I have answer'd.

Ulr. Sir, you wed for love.

Sieg. I did, and it has been my only refuge
In many miseries.

Ulr. Which miseries
Had never been but for this love-match.

Sieg. Still
Against your age and nature! Who at twenty
E'er answer'd thus till now?

Ulr. Did you not warn me
Against your own example?

Sieg. Boyish sophist!
In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?

Ulr. What matters it, if I am ready to
Obey you in espousing her?

Sieg. As far
As you feel, nothing, but all life for her.
She's young—all beautiful—adores you—is
Endow'd with qualities to give happiness,
Such as rounds common life into a dream
Of something which your poets cannot paint,
And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue)
For which Philosophy might barter Wisdom;
And giving so much happiness, deserves
A little in return. I would not have her
Break her heart for a man who has none to break;
Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightingale,
According to the Orient tale. She is—

Ulr. The daughter of dead Stralenheim, your foe:

I'll wed her, ne'ertheless; though, to say truth,
 Just now I am not violently transported
 In favour of such unions.

Sieg. But she loves you.

Ulr. And I love her, and therefore would think *twice*.

Sieg. Alas! Love never *did* so.

Ulr. Then 'tis time

He should begin, and take the bandage from
 His eyes, and look before he leaps: till now
 He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.

Sieg. But you consent?

Ulr. I did and do.

Sieg. Then fix the day.

Ulr. 'Tis usual,

And certes courteous, to leave that to the lady.

Sieg. I will engage for *her*.

Ulr. So will not I

For any woman; and as what I fix,
 I fain would see unshaken, when she gives
 Her answer, I'll give mine.

Sieg. But 'tis your office

To woo.

Ulr. Count, 'tis a marriage of your making,
 So be it of your wooing; but to please you
 I will now pay my duty to my mother,
 With whom, you know, the lady Ida is.—
 What would you have? You have forbid my stirring
 For manly sports beyond the castle walls,
 And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,
 To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-needles,

And list to songs and tunes, and watch for smiles,
 And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
 The eyes of feminie, as though they were
 The stars receding early to our wish
 Upon the dawn of a world-winning battle—
 What can a son or man do more? [Exit ULRIC.]

Sieg. (solus.) Too much!—

Too much of duty and too little love!
 He pays me in the coin he owes me not:
 For such hath been my wayward fate, I could not
 Fulfil a parent's duties by his side
 Till now; but love he owes me, for my thoughts
 Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd without tears
 To see my child again, and now I have found him!
 But how!—obedient, but with coldness; duteous
 In my sight, but with carelessness; mysterious,
 Abstracted—distant—much given to long absence,
 And where—none know—in league with the most riotous
 Of our young nobles; though, to do him justice,
 He never stoops down to their vulgar pleasures;
 Yet there's some tie between them which I cannot
 Unravel. They look up to him—consult him—
 Throng round him as a leader: but with me
 He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it
 After—what! doth my father's curse descend
 Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian near
 To shed more blood? or—oh! if it should be!
 Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk these walls
 To wither him and his—who, though they slew not,
 Unlatch'd the door of death for thee? 'Twas not

Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our foe,
 And yet I spared thee when my own destruction
 Slept with thee, to awake with thine awakening!
 And only took—Accursed gold! thou liest
 Like poison in my hands; I dare not use thee,
 Nor part from thee; thou camest in such a guise,
 Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all hands
 Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for thee,
 Thou villanous gold! and thy dead master's doom,
 Though he died not by me or mine, as much
 As if he were my brother! I have ta'en
 His orphan Ida—cherish'd her as one
 Who will be mine.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. The abbot, if it please
 Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits
 Upon you. [*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.

Prior. Peace be with these walls, and all
 Within them!

Sieg. Welcome, welcome, holy father!
 And may thy prayer be heard!—all men have need
 Of such, and I——

Prior. Have the first claim to all
 The prayers of our community. Our convent,
 Erected by your ancestors, is still
 Protected by their children.

Sieg. Yes, good father;

Continue daily orisons for us
 In these dim days of heresies and blood,
 Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus, is
 Gone home.

Prior. To the endless home of unbelievers,
 Where there is everlasting wail and woe,
 Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and fire
 Eternal, and the worm which dieth not!

Sieg. True, father: and to avert those pangs from one,
 Who, though of our most faultless holy church,
 Yet died without its last and dearest offices,
 Which smooth the soul through purgatorial pains,
 I have to offer humbly this donation
 In masses for his spirit.

[*SIEGENDORF offers the gold which he had taken
 from STRALENHEIM.*

Prior. Count, if I
 Receive it, 'tis because I know too well
 Refusal would offend you. Be assured
 The largess shall be only dealt in alms,
 And every mass no less sung for the dead.
 Our house needs no donations, thanks to yours,
 Which has of old endow'd it; but from you
 And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we obey.
 For whom shall mass be said?

Sieg. (*faltering.*) For—for—the dead.

Prior. His name?

Sieg. 'Tis from a soul, and not a name,
 I would avert perdition.

Prior. I meant not

To pry into your secret. We will pray
For one unknown, the same as for the proudest.

Sieg. Secret! I have none; but, father, he who's
gone

Might *have* one; or, in short, he did bequeath—
No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum
For pious purposes.

Prior. A proper deed
In the behalf of our departed friends.

Sieg. But he who's gone was not my friend, but foe,
The deadliest and the stanchest.

Prior. Better still!
To employ our means to obtain heaven for the souls
Of our dead enemies is worthy those
Who can forgive them living.

Sieg. But I did not
Forgive this man. I loathed him to the last,
As he did me. I do not love him now,
But——

Prior. Best of all! for this is pure religion!
You fain would rescue him you hate from hell—
An evangelical compassion—with
Your own gold too!

Sieg. Father, 'tis not my gold.

Prior. Whose then? You said it was no legacy.

Sieg. No matter whose—of this be sure, that he
Who own'd it never more will need it, save
In that which it may purchase from your altars:
'Tis yours, or theirs.

Prior. Is there no blood upon it?

Sieg. No; but there's worse than blood—eternal shame!

Prior. Did he who own'd it die in his *bed*?

Sieg. Alas!

He did.

Prior. Son! you relapse into revenge,
If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.

Sieg. His death was fathomlessly deep in blood.

Prior. You said he died in his bed, not battle.

Sieg. He

Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabb'd i' the dark,
And now you have it—perish'd on his pillow
By a cut-throat!—Ay!—you may look upon me!
I am not the man. I'll meet your eye on that point,
As I can one day God's.

Prior. Nor did he die

By means, or men, or instrument of yours?

Sieg. No! by the God who sees and strikes!

Prior. Nor know you

Who slew him?

Sieg. I could only guess at *one*,

And he to me a stranger, unconnected,
As unemploy'd. Except by one day's knowledge,
I never saw the man who was suspected.

Prior. Then you are free from guilt.

Sieg. (*eagerly.*) Oh! *am I?*—say!

Prior. You have said so, and know best.

Sieg. Father! I have spoken

The truth, and nought but truth, if *not* the *whole*:
Yet say I am *not* guilty! for the blood
Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,

Though, by the Power who abhorreth human blood,
 I did not!—nay, once spared it, when I might
 And *could*—ay, perhaps, *should* (if our self-safety
 Be e'er excusable in such defences
 Against the attacks of over-potent foes):
 But pray for him, for me, and all my house;
 For, as I said, though I be innocent,
 I know not why, a like remorse is on me,
 As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me,
 Father! I have pray'd myself in vain.

Prior.

I will.

Be comforted! You are innocent, and should
 Be calm as innocence.

Sieg.

But calmness is not
 Always the attribute of innocence.
 I feel it is not.

Prior.

But it will be so,
 When the mind gathers up its truth within it.
 Remember the great festival to-morrow,
 In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,
 As well as your brave son; and smooth your aspect;
 Nor in the general orison of thanks
 For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise
 A cloud upon your thoughts. This were to be
 Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget
 Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A large and magnificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, decorated with Trophies, Banners, and Arms of that Family.

Enter ARNHEIM and MEISTER, attendants of COUNT SIEGENDORF.

Arn. Be quick! the count will soon return: the ladies

Already are at the portal. Have you sent
The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

Meis. I have, in all directions, over Prague,
As far as the man's dress and figure could
By your description track him. The devil take
These revels and processions! All the pleasure
(If such there be) must fall to the spectators.
I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

Arn. Go to! my lady countess comes.

Meis. I'd rather

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,
Than follow in the train of a great man
In these dull pageantries.

Arn. Begone! and rail

Within.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the COUNTESS JOSEPHINE SIEGENDORF and IDA STRALENHEIM.

Jos. Well, Heaven be praised, the show is over!

Ida. How can you say so! never have I dreamt

Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,
 The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,
 The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,
 The coursers, and the incense, and the sun
 Streaming through the stain'd windows, even the *tombs*,
 Which look'd so calm, and the celestial hymns,
 Which seem'd as if they rather came from heaven
 Than mounted there. The bursting organ's peal
 Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;
 The white robes and the lifted eyes; the world
 At peace! and all at peace with one another!

Oh, my sweet mother! [*Embracing* JOSEPHINE.]

Jos. My beloved child!

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.

Ida. Oh!

I am so already. Feel how my heart beats!

Jos. It does, my love; and never may it throb
 With aught more bitter.

Ida. Never shall it do so!

How should it? What should make us grieve? I hate
 To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad,
 Who love each other so entirely? You,
 The count, and Ulric, and your daughter *Ida*.

Jos. Poor child!

Ida. Do you pity me?

Jos. No; I but envy,

And that in sorrow, not in the world's sense
 Of the universal vice, if one vice be
 More general than another.

Ida. I'll not hear

A word against a world which still contains
 You and my Ulric. Did you ever see
 Aught like him? How he tower'd amongst them all!
 How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers fell faster—
 Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, methought,
 Than before all the rest; and where he trod
 I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor e'er
 Will wither.

Jos. You will spoil him, little flatterer,
 If he should hear you.

Ida. But he never will.
 I dare not say so much to him—I fear him.

Jos. Why so? he loves you well.

Ida. But I can never
 Shape my thoughts *of* him into words *to* him.
 Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

Jos. How so?

Ida. A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes suddenly,
 Yet he says nothing.

Jos. It is nothing: all men,
 Especially in these dark troublous times,
 Have much to think of.

Ida. But I cannot think
 Of aught save him.

Jos. Yet there are other men,
 In the world's eye, as goodly. There's, for instance,
 The young Count Waldorf, who scarce once withdrew
 His eyes from yours to-day.

Ida. I did not see him,
 But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment

When all knelt, and I wept? and yet methought,
Through my fast tears, though they were thick and
warm,

I saw him smiling on me.

Jos.

I could not

See aught save heaven, to which my eyes were raised
Together with the people's.

Ida.

I thought too

Of heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.

Jos.

Come,

Let us retire; they will be here anon
Expectant of the banquet. We will lay
Aside these nodding plumes and dragging trains.

Ida. And, above all, these stiff and heavy jewels,
Which make my head and heart ache, as both throb
Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and zone.
Dear mother, I am with you.

Enter COUNT SIEGENDORF, *in full dress, from the
solemnity, and* LUDWIG.

Sieg.

Is he not found?

Lud. Strict search is making every where; and if
The man be in Prague, be sure he will be found.

Sieg. Where's Ulric?

Lud.

He rode round the other way

With some young nobles; but he left them soon;
And, if I err not, not a minute since
I heard his excellency, with his train,
Gallop o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter ULRIC, splendidly dressed.

Sieg. (to LUDWIG.) See they cease not
Their quest of him I have described. (*Exit LUDWIG.*)

Oh, Ulric!

How have I long'd for thee!

Ulr. Your wish is granted—
Behold me!

Sieg. I have seen the murderer.

Ulr. Whom? Where?

Sieg. The Hungarian, who slew Stralenheim.

Ulr. You dream.

Sieg. I live! and as I live, I saw him—
Heard him! he dared to utter even my name.

Ulr. What name?

Sieg. Werner! 't was mine.

Ulr. It must be so

No more: forget it.

Sieg. Never! never! all
My destinies were woven in that name:
It will not be engraved upon my tomb,
But it may lead me there.

Ulr. To the point—the Hungarian?

Sieg. Listen!—The church was throng'd; the hymn
was raised;

“*Te Deum*” peal'd from nations, rather than
From choirs, in one great cry of “God be praised”
For one day's peace, after thrice ten dread years,
Each bloodier than the former: I arose,

With all the nobles, and as I look'd down
Along the lines of lifted faces,—from
Our banner'd and escutcheon'd gallery, I
Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw
A moment and no more), what struck me sightless
To all else—the Hungarian's face! I grew
Sick; and when I recover'd from the mist
Which curl'd about my senses, and again
Look'd down, I saw him not. The thanksgiving
Was over, and we march'd back in procession.

Ulr. Continue.

Sieg. When we reach'd the Muldau's bridge,
The joyous crowd above, the numberless
Barks mann'd with revellers in their best garbs,
Which shot along the glancing tide below,
The decorated street, the long array,
The clashing music, and the thundering
Of far artillery, which seem'd to bid
A long and loud farewell to its great doings,
The standards o'er me, and the tramlings round,
The roar of rushing thousands,—all—all could not
Chase this man from my mind, although my senses
No longer held him palpable.

Ulr. You saw him
No more, then?

Sieg. I look'd, as a dying soldier
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;
But still I saw him not; but in his stead—

Ulr. What in his stead?

Sieg. My eye for ever fell

Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest,
 As on the loftiest and the loveliest head
 It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,
 Which overflow'd the glittering streets of Prague.

Ulr. What's this to the Hungarian?

Sieg. Much; for I

Had almost then forgot him in my son;
 When just as the artillery ceased, and paused
 The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu
 Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,
 Distinct and keener far upon my ear
 Than the late cannon's volume, this word—"Werner!"

Ulr. Uttered by—

Sieg. HIM! I turn'd—and saw—and fell.

Ulr. And wherefore? Were you seen?

Sieg. The officious care

Of those around me dragg'd me from the spot,
 Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause;
 You, too, were too remote in the procession
 (The old nobles being divided from their children)
 To aid me.

Ulr. But I'll aid you now.

Sieg. In what?

Ulr. In searching for this man, or—When he's
 found,

What shall we do with him?

Sieg. I know not that.

Ulr. Then wherefore seek?

Sieg. Because I cannot rest

Till he is found. His fate, and Stralenheim's,

And ours, seem intertisted! nor can be
Unravell'd, till——

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. A stranger to wait on
Your excellency.

Sieg. Who?

Atten. He gave no name.

Sieg. Admit him, ne'ertheless.

[*The ATTENDANT introduces GABOR, and afterwards exit.*

Ah!

Gab. 'Tis, then, Werner!

Sieg. (*haughtily.*) The same you knew, sir, by that
name; and *you!*

Gab. (*looking round.*) I recognise you both: father
and son,

It seems. Count, I have heard that you, or yours,
Have lately been in search of me: I am here.

Sieg. I have sought you, and have found you: you
are charged

(Your own heart may inform you why) with such
A crime as——

[*He pauses.*

Gab. Give it utterance, and then
I'll meet the consequences.

Sieg. You shall do so—
Unless——

Gab. First, who accuses me?

Sieg. All things,
If not all men: the universal rumour—

My own presence on the spot—the place—the time—
And every speck of circumstance unite
To fix the blot on you.

Gab. And on *me only*?

Pause ere you answer: is no other name,
Save mine, stain'd in this business?

Sieg. Trifling villain!

Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all that breathe
Thou best dost know the innocence of him
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody slander.
But I will talk no further with a wretch,
Further than justice asks. Answer at once,
And without quibbling, to my charge.

Gab. 'Tis false!

Sieg. Who says so?

Gab. I.

Sieg. And how disprove it?

Gab. By

The presence of the murderer.

Sieg. Name him!

Gab. He

May have more names than one. Your lordship had so
Once on a time.

Sieg. If you mean me, I dare

Your utmost.

Gab. You may do so, and in safety;

I know the assassin.

Sieg. Where is he?

Gab. (*pointing to ULRIC.*) Beside you!

[*ULRIC rushes forward to attack GABOR ; SIEGEN-
DORF interposes.*

Sieg. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within them.

[*He turns to ULRIC.*

Ulric, repel this calumny, as I
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,
I could not deem it earth-born: but be calm;
It will refute itself. But touch him not.

[*ULRIC endeavours to compose himself.*

Gab. Look at *him*, count, and then *hear me*.

Sieg. (*first to GABOR, and then looking at ULRIC.*)

I hear thee.

My God! you look——

Ulr. How?

Sieg. As on that dread night

When we met in the garden.

Ulr. (*composes himself.*) It is nothing.

Gab. Count, you are bound to hear me. I came
hither

Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt down
Amidst the people in the church, I dream'd not
To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat
Of senators and princes; but you have call'd me,
And we have met.

Sieg. Go on, sir.

Gab. Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire who profited
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor as ever;
And poorer by suspicion on my name!
The baron lost in that last outrage neither
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought,—

A life which stood between the claims of others
To honours and estates scarce less than princely.

Sieg. These hints, as vague as vain, attach no less
To me than to my son.

Gab. I can't help that.
But let the consequence alight on him
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
I know you innocent, and deem you just.
But ere I can proceed—*dare* you protect me?
Dare you command me?

[*SIEGENDORF first looks at the Hungarian, and then
at ULRIC, who has unbuckled his sabre and is
drawing lines with it on the floor—still in its
sheath.*

Ulr. (*looks at his father and says*)

Let the man go on!

Gab. I am unarm'd, count—bid your son lay down
His sabre.

Ulr. (*offers it to him contemptuously.*)

Take it.

Gab. No, sir, 'tis enough
That we are both unarm'd—I would not choose
To wear a steel which may be stain'd with more
Blood than came there in battle.

Ulr. (*casts the sabre from him in contempt.*)

It—or some
Such other weapon, in my hands—spared yours
Once when disarm'd and at my mercy.

Gab.

True—

I have not forgotten it: you spared me for
Your own especial purpose—to sustain
An ignominy not my own.

Ulr.

Proceed.

The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.
But is it of my father to hear further?

[*To* SIEGENDORF.]

Sieg. (*takes his son by the hand.*)

My son! I know my own innocence, and doubt not
Of yours—but I have promised this man patience;
Let him continue.

Gab.

I will not detain you

By speaking of myself much; I began
Life early—and am what the world has made me.
At Frankfort on the Oder, where I pass'd
A winter in obscurity, it was
My chance at several places of resort
(Which I frequented sometimes, but not often)
To hear related a strange circumstance
In February last. A martial force,
Sent by the state, had after strong resistance
Secured a band of desperate men, supposed
Marauders from the hostile camp.—They proved,
However, not to be so—but banditti,
Whom either accident or enterprise
Had carried from their usual haunt—the forests
Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
Many amongst them were reported of
High rank—and martial law slept for a time.

At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of *their* fate,
I know no more.

Sieg. And what is this to Ulric?

Gab. Amongst them there was said to be one man
Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
Youth, strength, and beauty, almost superhuman,
And courage as unrivall'd, were proclaim'd
His by the public rumour; and his sway
Not only over his associates, but
His judges, was attributed to witchcraft.
Such was his influence:—I have no great faith
In any magic save that of the mine—
I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my soul
Was roused with various feelings to seek out
This prodigy, if only to behold him.

Sieg. And did you so?

Gab. You'll hear. Chance favour'd me:
A popular affray in the public square
Drew crowds together—it was one of those
Occasions where men's souls look out of them,
And show them as they are—even in their faces:
The moment my eye met his, I exclaim'd,
“This is the man!” though he was then, as since,
With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and nearly:
I noted down his form—his gesture—features,
Stature, and bearing—and amidst them all,

Sieg. Doth my refusal make a debt to you,
That thus you urge it?

Gab. Still you owe me something,
Though not for that; and I owed you my safety,
At least my seeming safety, when the slaves
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds
That *I* had robb'd him.

Sieg. I conceal'd you—I,
Whom and whose house you arraign, reviving viper!

Gab. I accuse no man—save in my defence.
You, count, have made yourself accuser—judge:
Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.
Be just, and *I*'ll be merciful!

Sieg. You merciful!
You! Base calumniator!

Gab. I. 'Twill rest
With me at last to be so. You conceal'd me—
In secret passages known to yourself,
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,
Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:
I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret
Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first undone
As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
I look'd through and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!—

Sieg. Asleep! And yet
You slew him!—Wretch!

Gab. He was already slain,
And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own
Blood became ice.

Sieg. But he was all alone!
You saw none else? You did not see the——

[*He pauses from agitation.*

Gab. No,
He, whom you dare not name, nor even I
Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in
The chamber.

Sieg. (to *ULRIC.*) Then, my boy! thou art guiltless
still—
Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once—Oh! now
Do thou as much!

Gab. Be patient! I can *not*
Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember,—or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were changed
Beneath *his* chief inspection on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had enter'd
He best knows—but within an antechamber,
The door of which was half ajar, I saw
A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back upon
The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

Sieg. Oh! God of fathers!

Gab. I beheld his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them—behold them in Count *Ulric's*!
Distinct, as I beheld them, though the expression

Is not now what it then was;—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime—so lately.

Sieg. This is so——

Gab. (*interrupting him.*) Nay—but hear me to the
end!

Now you must do so.—I conceived myself
Betray'd by you and *him* (for now I saw
There was some tie between you) into this
Pretended den of refuge, to become
The victim of your guilt; and my first thought
Was vengeance: but though arm'd with a short poniard
(Having left my sword without) I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either in address or force.
I turn'd, and fled—i' the dark: chance rather than
Skill made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept: if I
Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have prompted;
But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

Sieg. And yet I had horrid dreams! and such brief
sleep,

The stars had not gone down when I awoke.
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my father—
And now my dream is out!

Gab. 'Tis not my fault,
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me—
Chance led me here after so many moons—
And show'd me Werner in Count Siegendorf!
Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,

Gab. (hesitatingly.) This is the second *safe* asylum
You have offer'd me.

Sieg. And was not the first so?

Gab. I know not that even now—but will approve
The second. I have still a further shield.—
I did not enter Prague alone; and should I
Be put to rest with Stralénheim, there are
Some tongues without will wag in my behalf.
Be brief in your decision!

Sieg. I will be so.—

My word is sacred and irrevocable
Within *these* walls, but it extends no further.

Gab. I'll take it for so much.

Sieg. (points to ULRIC's sabre still upon the ground.)

Take also *that*—

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him
Distrustfully.

Gab. (takes up the sabre.) I will; and so provide
To sell my life—not cheaply.

[GABOR goes into the turret, which SIEGENDORF
closes.]

Sieg. (advances to ULRIC.) Now, Count Ulric!
For son I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?

Ulr. His tale is true.

Sieg. True, monster!

Ulr. Most true, father!

And you did well to listen to it: what
We know, we can provide against. He must
Be silenced.

Sieg. Ay, with half of my domains;
And with the other half, could he and thou
Unsay this villany.

Ulr. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

Sieg. How so?

Ulr. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before?
When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or had the prince's household been
Then summon'd, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could *you, Werner,*
'The object of the baron's hate and fears,
Have fled, unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd you,
Doubting if you were false or feeble: I
Perceived you were the latter and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

Sieg. Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me fit
For your accomplice?

Ulr. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured

Could *I* be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling?—you
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself;
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Sieg. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis working now.

Ulr. Let it work on! the grave will keep it down!

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path beneath you.
Yet hear me still!—If *you* condemn me, yet
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often
To listen to him! *Who* proclaim'd to me
That *there were crimes* made venial by the occasion?
That passion was our nature? that the goods
Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who show'd me his humanity secured
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a *felon's* brand! The man who is
At once both warm and weak invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think*? We have done
With right and wrong; and now must only ponder
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I slew
Known as our foe—but not from vengeance. He
Was a rock in our way which I cut through,

As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
 And our true destination—but not idly.
 As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*
 His *life*: when due, I but resumed the debt.
 He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein
 I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first
 The torch—you show'd the path; now trace me that
 Of safety—or let me!

Sieg. I have done with life!

Ulr. Let us have done with that which cankers
 life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations
 Of things which cannot be undone. We have
 No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,
 And have within these very walls men whom
 (Although you know them not) dare venture all things.
 You stand high with the state; what passes here
 Will not excite her too great curiosity:
 Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,
 Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to me:
 We must have no *third* babblers thrust between us.

[*Exit* ULRIC.

Sieg. (*solus.*) Am I awake? are these my father's
 halls?

And *yon*—my son? *My* son! *mine!* who have ever
 Abhorr'd both mystery and blood, and yet
 Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!
 I must be speedy, or more will be shed—
 The Hungarian's!—Ulric—he hath partisans,
 It seems: I might have guess'd as much. Oh fool!

Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key
 (As I too) of the opposite door which leads
 Into the turret. Now then! or once more
 To be the father of fresh crimes, no less
 Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!

[*Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.*]

SCENE II.

The Interior of the Turret.

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

Gab. Who calls?

Sieg. I—Siegendorf! Take these, and fly!
 Lose not a moment!

[*Tears off a diamond star and other jewels, and thrusts them into GABOR's hand.*]

Gab. What am I to do
 With these?

Sieg. Whate'er you will: sell them, or hoard,
 And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!

Gab. You pledged your honour for my safety!

Sieg. And
 Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,
 It seems, of my own castle—of my own
 Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,
 Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!
 Or you will be slain by——

Gab. Is it even so?

Farewell, then! Recollect, however, count,
You sought this fatal interview!

Sieg. I did:

Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

Gab. By the same path I enter'd?

Sieg. Yes; that's safe still:

But loiter not in Prague;—you do not know
With whom you have to deal.

Gab. I know too well—

And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!

Farewell! [*Exit GABOR.*]

Sieg. (*solus and listening.*) He hath clear'd the
staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!

Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am faint—

[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near the wall
of the tower, in a drooping posture.*]

*Enter ULRIC, with others armed, and with weapons
drawn.*

Ulr. Despatch!—he's there!

Lud. The count, my lord!

Ulr. (*recognizing SIEGENDORF.*) You here, sir!

Sieg. Yes: if you want another victim, strike!

Ulr. (*seeing him stript of his jewels.*) Where is the
ruffian who hath plunder'd you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see

'Twas as I said—the wretch hath stript my father

Of jewels which might form a prince's heirloom!

Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[*Exeunt all but SIEGENDORF and ULRIC.*]

What's this?

Where is the villain?

Sieg. There are *two*, sir: which

Are you in quest of?

Ulr. Let us hear no more
Of this: he must be found. You have not let him
Escape?

Sieg. He's gone.

Ulr. With your connivance?

Sieg. With

My fullest, freest aid.

Ulr. Then fare you well!

[ULRIC is going.]

Sieg. Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh,
Ulric!

Will you then leave me?

Ulr. What! remain to be
Denounced—dragg'd, it may be, in chains; and all
By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,
Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,
That sacrifices your whole race to save
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, count,
Henceforth you have no son!

Sieg. I never had one;
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name!
Where will you go? I would not send you forth
Without protection.

Ulr. Leave that unto me.
I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir
Of your domains; a thousand, ay, ten thousand
Swords, hearts, and hands, are mine.

Sieg. The foresters!
With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort?

Ulr. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Go tell
Your senators that they look well to Prague;
Their feast of peace was early for the times;
There are more spirits abroad than have been laid
With Wallenstein!

Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.

Jos. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf!
Thank Heav'n, I see you safe!

Sieg. Safe!

Ida. Yes, dear father!

Sieg. No, no; I have no children: never more
Call me by that worst name of parent.

Jos. What
Means my good lord?

Sieg. That you have given birth
To a demon!

Ida (*taking ULRIC's hand.*) Who shall dare say this
of Ulric?

Sieg. Ida, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

Ida. (*stooping to kiss it.*) I'd kiss it off, though it
were mine!

Sieg. It is so!

Ulr. Away! it is your father's! [*Exit ULRIC.*

Ida. Oh, great God!
And I have loved this man!

[*IDA falls senseless—JOSEPHINE stands speechless
with horror.*

THE
DEFORMED TRANSFORMED;

A DRAMA.

This production is founded partly on the story of a novel called *The Three Brothers*, published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's *Wood Demon* was also taken—and partly on the Faust of the great Goëthe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRANGER, *afterwards* CÆSAR.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PHILIBERT.

CELLINI.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

PART I. SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter ARNOLD *and his mother* BERTHA.

Bert. OUT, hunchback!

Arn. I was born so, mother!

Bert. Out,

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven sons
The sole abortion!

Arn. Would that I had been so,
And never seen the light!

Bert. I would so too!
But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best!
That back of thine may bear its burden; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arn. It *bears* its burden;—but, my heart! Will it
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?

I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing
 Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.
 You nursed me—do not kill me!

Bert. Yes—I nursed thee,
 Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
 If there would be another unlike thee,
 That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
 And gather wood!

Arn. I will: but when I bring it,
 Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
 So beautiful and lusty, and as free
 As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
 Our milk has been the same.

Bert. As is the hedgehog's,
 Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
 Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
 The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
 Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
 Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
 As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
 Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[*Exit BERTHA.*]

Arn. (solus.) Oh mother! —She is gone, and I
 must do

Her bidding;—wearily but willingly
 I would fulfil it, could I only hope
 A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[*ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing this he
 wounds one of his hands.*]

My labour for the day is over now.

Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home.—What home? I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth
Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung me!
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD goes to a spring, and stoops to wash his
hand: he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein. [He pauses.

And shall I live on,

A burden to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once
This hateful compound of her atoms, and

Resolve back to her elements, and take
 The shape of any reptile save myself,
 And make a world for myriads of new worms!
 This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
 This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
 Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
 The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground, with the
 point upwards.

Now 'tis set,
 And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
 On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
 Myself, and the sweet sun, which warm'd me, but
 In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
 So let them, for I would not be lamented:
 But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
 The fallen leaves my monument; the murmur
 Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
 Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his
 eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which
 seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
 The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
 No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
 Not as with air, but by some subterranean
 And rocking power of the internal world.
 What's here? A mist! No more?—

[A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands
 gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall
 black man comes towards him.

Arn. What would you? Speak!
Spirit or man?

Stran. As man is both, why not
Say both in one?

Arn. Your form is man's, and yet
You may be devil.

Stran. So many men are that
Which is so called or thought, that you may add me
To which you please, without much wrong to either.
But come: you wish to kill yourself;—pursue
Your purpose.

Arn. You have interrupted me.

Stran. What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

Arn. I said not
You *were* the demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

Stran. Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society) you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Look likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

Arn. Do you—dare *you*
To taunt me with my born deformity?

Stran. Were I to taunt a buffalo with this

Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
 With thy sublime of humps, the animals
 Would revel in the compliment. And yet
 Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
 In action and endurance than thyself,
 And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
 With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
 Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
 The gifts which are of others upon man.

Arn. Give me the strength then of the buffalo's
 foot,

When he spurns high the dust, beholding his
 Near enemy; or let me have the long
 And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
 The helmless dromedary;—and I'll bear
 Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

Stran. I will.

Arn. (*with surprise.*) Thou canst?

Stran. Perhaps. Would you ought else?

Arn. Thou mockest me.

Stran. Not I. Why should I mock
 What all are mocking? That's poor sport, methinks.
 To talk to thee in human language (for
 Thou canst not yet speak mine) the forester
 Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,
 Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game
 To petty burghers, who leave once a year
 Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with
 Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee,—
 Now *I* can mock the mightiest.

Arn. Then waste not
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

Stran. Your thoughts
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:
I am not so easily recall'd to do
Good service.

Arn. What wilt thou do for me?

Stran. Change
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you;
Or form you to your wish in any shape.

Arn. Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

Stran. I'll show thee
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give thee
Thy choice.

Arn. On what condition?

Stran. There's a question!
An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.

Arn. No; I will not.
I must not compromise my soul.

Stran. What soul,
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcass?

Arn. 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement
In which it is mislodged. But name your compact:
Must it be sign'd in blood?

Stran. Not in your own.

Arn. Whose blood then?

Stran. We will talk of that hereafter.

But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
 Great things within you. You shall have no bond
 But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
 Are you content?

Arn. I take thee at thy word.

Stran. Now then!—

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to ARNOLD.*

A little of your blood.

Arn. For what?

Stran. To mingle with the magic of the waters,
 And make the charm effective.

Arn. (*holding out his wounded arm.*) Take it all.

Stran. Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD's blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

Stran. Shadows of beauty!

Shadows of power!

Rise to your duty—

This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant

From the depth of this fountain,

As the cloud-shapen giant

Bestrides the Hartz mountain*.

Come as ye were,

That our eyes may behold

The model in air

Of the form I will mould,

* This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Brocken.

Bright as the Iris
 When ether is spann'd;—
 Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to ARNOLD.*
 Such my command!
 Demons heroic—
 Demons who wore
 The form of the stoic
 Or sophist of yore—
 Or the shape of each victor,
 From Macedon's boy
 To each high Roman's picture,
 Who breathed to destroy—
 Shadows of beauty!
 Shadows of power!
 Up to your duty—
 This is the hour!

[*Various Phantoms arise from the waters, and pass
 in succession before the Stranger and ARNOLD.*

Arn. What do I see?

Stran. The black-eyed Roman, with
 The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er
 Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along
 The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
 His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald; my quest is beauty.
 Could I

Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.
 You see his aspect—choose it, or reject.

I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.

Arn.

I will fight too,

But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to please
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,
Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age
When love is not less in the eye than heart.
But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[*The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*]

Arn.

And can it

Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,
And left no footstep?

Stran.

There you err. His substance
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame
More than enough to track his memory;
But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crook'd
I' the sun. Behold another!

[*A second phantom passes.*]

Arn.

Who is he?

Stran. He was the fairest and the bravest of
Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn.

He is

More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

Stran. Such was the curled son of Clinias;—wouldst
thou

Invest thee with his form?

Arn. Would that I had
 Been born with it! But since I may choose further,
 I will *look* further.

[*The shade of Alcibiades disappears.*]

Stran. Lo! behold again!

Arn. What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-
 eyed satyr,
 With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
 The splay feet and low stature! I had better
 Remain that which I am.

Stran. And yet he was
 The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
 And personification of all virtue.
 But you reject him?

Arn. If his form could bring me
 That which redeem'd it—no.

Stran. I have no power
 To promise that; but you may try, and find it
 Easier in such a form, or in your own.

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy,
 Though I have that about me which has need on't.
 Let him fleet on.

Stran. Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*]

Arn. What's here? whose broad brow and whose
 curly beard
 And manly aspect look like Hercules,
 Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
 Than the sad purger of the infernal world,
 Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,

As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Stran. It was the man who lost
The ancient world for love.

Arn. I cannot blame him,
Since I have risk'd my soul because I find not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stran. Since so far
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us.

Stran. Hence, triumvir!
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Anthony disappears: another rises*

Arn. Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a something
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.

Was he e'er human only?

Stran. Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind?

Stran. The shame

Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more.

Stran. (*addressing the shadow.*) Get thee to Lamia's
lap!

[*The shade of Demetrius Poliocetes vanishes:*
another rises.

I'll fit you still,

Fear not, my hunchback. If the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content! I will fix here.

Stran. I must commend
Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-goddess,
The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, roll'd o'er sands of gold,
Soften'd by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were—behold them!
And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanction'd and with soften'd love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as

Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new-found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
Their culverins, and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater ease
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel,
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize
In Styx.

Arn. Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

Stran. Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou
seest,

And strong as what it was, and—

Arn. I ask not

For valour, since deformity is daring.

It is its essence to o'ertake mankind

By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—

Ay, the superior of the rest. There is

A spur in its halt movements, to become

All that the others cannot, in such things

As still are free to both, to compensate

For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.

They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,

And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

Stran. Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt remain
Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase
This daring soul, which could achieve no less
Without it?

Arn. Had no power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which spirit may to make

Its way, with all deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
An hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have look'd
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from her.
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something—as it has made heroes
Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stran.

Decide between

What you have been, or will be.

Arn.

I have done so.

You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,

And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,
 I might be fear'd, admired, respected, loved
 Of all save those next to me, of whom I
 Would be beloved. As thou showest me
 A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
 Haste! haste!

Stran. And what shall *I* wear?

Arn. Surely he
 Who can command all forms will choose the highest,
 Something superior even to that which was
 Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*
 Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—
 The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are
 Themselves a poetry.

Stran. Less will content me;
 For I, too, love a change.

Arn. Your aspect is
 Dusky, but not uncomely.

Stran. If I chose,
 I might be whiter; but I have a penchant
 For black—it is so honest, and besides
 Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear
 But I have worn it long enough of late,
 And now I'll take your figure.

Arn. Mine!

Stran. Yes. You
 Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha,
 Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;
 You have yours—I mine.

Arn. Despatch! despatch!

Stran.

Even so.

[*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf, and then addresses the phantom of Achilles.*

Beautiful shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam*,
Thy likeness I shape,
As the being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak!
Ye violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes!
And thou sunshiny water,
Of blood take the guise!
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows,
As thou wavest in air!
Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock!
But his voice as the warble
Of birds on yon oak!

* Adam means "red earth," from which the first man was formed.

Let his flesh be the purest
 Of mould, in which grew
 The lily-root surest,
 And drank the best dew!
 Let his limbs be the lightest
 Which clay can compound,
 And his aspect the brightest
 On earth to be found!
 Elements, near me,
 Be mingled and stirr'd,
 Know me, and hear me,
 And leap to my word!
 Sunbeams, awaken
 This earth's animation!
 'Tis done! He hath taken
 His stand in creation!

[ARNOLD falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.

Arn. (*in his new form.*) I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!

At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

Stran.

Stop!

What shall become of your abandon'd garment,
 You hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
 Which late you wore, or were?

Arn.

Who cares? Let wolves

And vultures take it, if they will.

Stran.

And if

They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace-time, and no better fare
Abroad i' the fields.

Arn. Let us but leave it there;
No matter what becomes on 't.

Stran. That's ungracious,
If not ungrateful. Whatsoe'er it be,
It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

Arn. Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

Stran. But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's aid have long
Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The devil may take men,
Not make them,—though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship:—and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

Arn. Who would do so?

Stran. That I know not,
And therefore I must.

Arn. You!

Stran. I said it ere
You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arn. True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change.

Stran. In a few moments
I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

Arn. I would be spared this.

Stran. But it cannot be.

What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

Arn. Do as thou wilt.

Stran. (to the late form of ARNOLD, extended on the
earth.)

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less

Deigns not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;

Fire! but *in* which nought can live,

Save the fabled salamander,

Or immortal souls, which wander,

Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,

Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,

Can preserve a moment's form,

But must with thyself be blent:

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threaten'd son,

When heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew
 Life in what lies in my view
 Stiff and cold!

His resurrection rests with me and you!
 One little, marshy spark of flame—
 And he again shall seem the same;
 But I his spirit's place shall hold!

[*An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood, and rests
 on the brow of the body. The Stranger dis-
 appears: the body rises.*]

Arn. (*in his new form.*) Oh! horrible!

Stran. (*in ARNOLD'S late shape.*) What! tremblest
 thou?

Arn.

Not so—

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
 Thou lately worest?

Stran. To the world of shadows.

But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou?

Arn. Must thou be my companion?

Stran.

Wherefore not?

Your betters keep worse company.

Arn.

My betters!

Stran. Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:
 I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;
 You improve apace:—two changes in an instant,
 And you are old in the world's ways already.
 But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful
 Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce
 Where shall we now be errant?

Arn. Where the world
Is thickest, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

Stran. That's to say, where there is war
And woman in activity. Let's see!
Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—
Afric, with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice: the whole race are just now
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arn. I have heard great things of Rome.

Stran. A goodly choice—
And scarce a better to be found on earth,
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion
Of the old Vandals, are at play along
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

Arn. How
Shall we proceed?

Stran. Like gallants, on good coursers.
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.
Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.

Arn. A noble sight!

Stran. And of
A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
Or your Kochlini race of Araby,
With these!

Arn. The mighty steam, which volumes high

From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
 And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel
 Around their manes, as common insects swarm
 Round common steeds towards sunset.

Stran. Mount, my lord:

They and I are your servitors.

Arn. And these

Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their names?

Stran. You shall baptize them.

Arn. What! in holy water?

Stran. Why not? The deeper sinner, better saint.

Arn. They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons.

Stran. True; the devil's always ugly; and your beauty
 Is never diabolical.

Arn. I'll call him

Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright

And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks

Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,

And never found till now. And for the other

And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,

But looks as serious though serene as night,

He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king

Whose statue turns a harper once a day.

And you?

Stran. I have ten thousand names, and twice
 As many attributes; but as I wear

A human shape, will take a human name.

Arn. More human than the shape (though it was
 mine once)

I trust.

Stran. Then call me Cæsar.

Arn. Why, that name
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's lords.

Stran. And therefore fittest for
The devil in disguise—since so you deem me,
Unless you call me pope instead.

Arn. Well, then,
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain Arnold still.

Cæs. We'll add a title—
"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious sound,
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arn. Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cæs. (sings.) To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
Paws the ground and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed

More knows whom he must bear;

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,

On the plain be overtaken;

In the wave he will not sink,

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble,

Time nor toil shall make him humble;

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be winged as a griffin,

Only flying with his feet:
 And will not such a voyage be sweet?
 Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
 Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground!
 From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
 For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.
 [*They mount their horses, and disappear.*]

SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

ARNOLD and CÆSAR.

Cæs. You are well entered now.

Arn.

Ay; but my path

Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full
 Of blood.

Cæs. Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!
 Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
 And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
 Late constable of France: and now to be
 Lord of the city which hath been earth's lord
 Under its emperors, and—changing sex,
 Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—
 Lady of the old world.

Arn.

How *old*? What! are there
 New worlds?

Cæs. To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,
 By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
 From one *half* of the world named a *whole* new one,

Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arn. I'll trust them.

Cæs. Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arn. Dog!

Cæs. Man!

Arn. Devil!

Cæs. Your obedient humble servant.

Arn. Say *master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

Cæs. And where wouldst *thou* be?

Arn. Oh, at peace—in peace!

Cæs. And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and
In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,
Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the subject
Of something which has made it live and die.
You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fix'd necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.

Arn. And when it prospers——

Cæs. 'Tis no rebellion.

Arn. Will it prosper now?

Cæs. The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault,
And by the dawn there will be work.

Arn.

Alas!

And shall the city yield? I see the giant
 Abode of the true God, and his true saint,
 Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
 That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
 Which his blood made a badge of glory and
 Of joy (as once of torture unto him,
 God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

Cæs. 'Tis there, and shall be.*Arn.*

What?

Cæs.

The crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.
 Also some culverins upon the walls,
 And harquebusses, and what not; besides
 The men who are to kindle them to death
 Of other men.

Arn.

And those scarce mortal arches,
 Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
 The theatre where emperors and their subjects
 (Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon
 The battles of the monarchs of the wild
 And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels
 Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust
 In the arena (as right well they might,
 When they had left no human foe unconquer'd);
 Made even the forest pay its tribute of
 Life to their amphitheatre, as well
 As Dacia men to die the eternal death
 For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on
 To a new gladiator!"—Must it fall?

Cæs. The city, or the amphitheatre?
The church, or one, or all? for you confound
Both them and me.

Arn. To-morrow sounds the assault
With the first cock-crow.

Cæs. Which, if it end with
The evening's first nightingale, will be
Something new in the annals of great sieges;
For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arn. The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

Cæs. I saw him.

Arn. You!

Cæs. Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape
And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back
Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,
And loved his laurels better as a wig
(So history says) than as a glory. Thus
The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)
Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,
Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,
Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement
Was brother's blood; and if its native blood
Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red
As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear
The deep hue of the ocean and the earth,
Which the great robber sons of fratricide

Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
For ages.

Arn. But what have these done, their far
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
Piety?

Cæs. And what had *they* done, whom the old
Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

Arn. They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cæs. And why should they not sing as well as swans?
They are black ones, to be sure.

Arn. So, you are learn'd,
I see, too?

Cæs. In my grammar, certes. I
Was educated for a monk of all times,
And once I was well versed in the forgotten
Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

Arn. And wherefore do you not?

Cæs. It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels, without new dispersion, than
The stammering young ones of the flood's dull ooze,
Who fail'd and fled each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.

They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
Cabala; their best brick-work, wherewithal
They build more—

Arn. (*interrupting him.*) Oh, thou everlasting
sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
Soften'd by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
Listen!

Cæs. Yes. I have heard the angels sing.

Arn. And demons howl.

Cæs. And man too. Let us listen:
I love all music.

Song of the Soldiers within.

The black bands came over
The Alps and their snow;
With Bourbon, the rover,
They pass'd the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a king,
We have turn'd back on no men,
And so let us sing!
Here's the Bourbon for ever!
Though pennyless all,
We'll have one more endeavour
At yonder old wall.
With the Bourbon we'll gather
At day-dawn before

The gates, and together
Or break or climb o'er
The wall: on the ladder
As mounts each firm foot,
Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burden!
And fire, fire away!
With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes;
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
Are couch'd at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warr'd with his brother.

Oh, the Bourbon! the Bcurbon!
 Sans country or home,
 We 'll follow the Bourbon,
 To plunder old Rome.

Cæs. An indifferent song
 For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

Arn. Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here
 comes
 The general with his chiefs and men of trust.
 A goodly rebel!

Enter the Constable BOURBON, "cum suis," &c. &c.

Phil. How now, noble prince,
 You are not cheerful?

Bourb. Why should I be so?

Phil. Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
 Most men would be so.

Bourb. If I were secure!

Phil. Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of
 adamant,
 They 'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

Bourb. That they will falter is my least of fears.
 That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
 Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
 To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
 Mountains, and those who guard them like the gods
 Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
 But now—

Phil. They are but men who war with mortals.

Bourb. True: but those walls have girded in great
ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

Phil. So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

Bourb. They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!

Phil. I look upon
A lofty battlement.

Bourb. And there!

Phil. Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Sheltered by the gray parapet from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourb. You are blind.

Phil. If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

Bourb. A thousand years have mann'd the walls
With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave.

And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

Phil. Then conquer
The walls for which he conquer'd, and be greater!

Bourb. True: so I will, or perish.

Phil. You can *not*.
In such an enterprize to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance.*

Cæs. And the mere men—do they too sweat beneath
The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

Bourb. Ah!
Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his master,
The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

Cæs. You will find,
So please your highness, no less for yourself.

Bourb. And if I do, there will not be a labourer
More forward, hunchback!

Cæs. You may well say so,
For *you* have seen that back—as general,
Placed in the rear in action—but your foes
Have never seen it.

Bourb. That's a fair retort,
For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the *devil*.

Cæs. And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.

Phil. Why so?

Cæs. One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourb. Arnold, your
Slight crook'd friend's as snake-like in his words
As his deeds.

Cæs. Your highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

Bourb. You are brave, and that's enough for me;
and quick
In speech as sharp in action—and that's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.

Cæs. They are but bad company, your highness;
And worse even for their friends than foes, as being
More permanent acquaintance.

Phil. How now, fellow!
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a buffoon.

Cæs. You mean I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero.

Bourb. Philibert!
Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
Been first, with that swart face and mountain shoulder,
In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,

And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
 Is, to my mind, far preferable to
 The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
 Of a mere famish'd, sullen, grumbling slave,
 Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
 And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,
 With which he deems him rich.

Cæs. It would be well
 If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

Bourb. Be silent!

Cæs. Ay, but not idle. Work yourself with words!
 You have few to speak.

Phil. What means the audacious prater?

Cæs. To prate, like other prophets.

Bourb. Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough
 To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
 To-morrow.

Arn. I have heard as much, my lord.

Bourb. And you will follow?

Arn. Since I must not lead.

Bourb. 'Tis necessary for the further daring
 Of our too needy army, that their chief
 Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's
 First step.

Cæs. Upon its topmost, let us hope:
 So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourb. The world's
 Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.
 Through every change the seven-hill'd city hath

Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars
 But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
 Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,
 Still the world's masters! Civilized, barbarian,
 Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus
 Have been the circus of an empire. Well!

'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
 That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

Cæs. No doubt, the camp's the school of civic
 rights.

What would you make of Rome?

Bourb. That which it was.

Cæs. In Alaric's time?

Bourb. No, slave! in the first Cæsar's,
 Whose name you bear like other curs——

Cæs. And kings!

'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

Bourb. There's a demon
 In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never
 Be serious?

Cæs. On the eve of battle, no;—
 That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the general
 To be more pensive: we adventurers
 Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
 Our tutelary deity, in a leader's shape,
 Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
 If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
 To crack those walls alone.

Bourb. You may sneer, since
 'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for 't.

Cæs. I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only
Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

Bourb. Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

Arn. Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

Bourb. In both we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

Cæs. And mine?

Bourb. To follow glory with the Bourbon.
Good night!

Arn. (to CÆSAR.) Prepare our armour for the assault,
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, &c.]

Cæs. (*solus.*) Within thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?
Or that this crooked coffer, which contain'd
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!
This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought. It is a stubborn substance,
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.
Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis
The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.
When I grow weary of it, I have business

Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem
 Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now
 To bring one down amongst them, and set fire
 Unto their anthill: how the pismires then
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing
 From tearing down each other's nests, pipe forth
 One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit CÆSAR.*]

PART II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Rome.—The assault: the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

1.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
 Whither flies the silent lark?
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
 Is the day indeed begun?
 Nature's eye is melancholy
 O'er the city high and holy:
 But without there is a din
 Should arouse the saints within,
 And revive the heroic ashes
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
 Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
 Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musketoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.
All the warlike gear of old,
Mix'd with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!

Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
Must its lot be like to thine?

4.

Near—and near—nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?
Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning*!

5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,

* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer, and wept over the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity?
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city;
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
Ilium's children find no Hector;
Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Rome's sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire and smoke and hellish clangour

Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes,
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.
Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quench'd hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neros!
Though the son who slew his mother
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
Rise! for yours are holier charters!
Mighty gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!

Mightier founders of those altars,
 True and christian,—strike the assaulters!
 Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
 Show even nature's self abhorrent.
 Let each breathing heart dilated
 Turn, as doth the lion baited!
 Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,
 But be still the Roman's Rome!

BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, and others, arrive at the
 foot of the wall. ARNOLD is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud
 Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins to mount.
 Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

Cæs. And off!

Arn. Eternal powers!

The host will be appall'd,—but vengeance! vengeance!

Bourb. 'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.

[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand and rises;
 but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.

Bourb. Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn. You must be

Removed; the aid of—

Bourb. No, my gallant boy;
 Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
 The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
 Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
 Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

Cæs. Would not your highness choose to kiss the
 cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
 May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
 But I deserve it.

Arn. (to CÆSAR.) Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a christian dies? Shall I not
 offer

A christian "Vade in pace?"

Arn. Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing which o'erlook'd the world,
 And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, should'st thou see
 France—But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer—
 Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life
 To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!
 You lose time—they will conquer Rome without thee.

Arn. And without *thee*!

Bourb. Not so; I'll lead them still
 In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
 That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
 Victorious!

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is winning. [BOURBON *dies.*

Cæs. (to ARNOLD.) Come, count, to business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD *covers* BOURBON'S *body with a mantle, and mounts the ladder, crying*

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome is ours!

Cæs. Good night, lord constable! thou wert a man.

[CÆSAR *follows* ARNOLD; *they reach the battlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR are struck down.*

Cæs. A precious somerset! Is your countship injured?

Arn. No. [Remounts the ladder.

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated! And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it

As though it were an altar; now his foot

Is on it, and—What have we here?—a Roman?

[A man falls.

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen

On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?

Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cæs. Blood's the only liquid

Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome. [Dies.

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.

Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!

But I must after my young charge. He is

By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

[CÆSAR *mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

*The City.—Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged
in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.*

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. I cannot find my hero; he is mix'd
With the heroic crowd that now pursue
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.
What have we here? A cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff
Their hose as they have doff'd their hats, 'twould be
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.
But let them fly; the crimson kennels now
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire
Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a Party fighting—ARNOLD at the head of the
Besiegers.*

He comes,
Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory.
Holla! hold, count!

Arn. Away! they must not rally.

Cæs. I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee
A form of beauty, and an
Exemption from some maladies of body,

But not of mind, which is not mine to give.
 But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,
 I dipt thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe
 I would not warrant thy chivalric heart
 More than Pelides' heel; why then, be cautious,
 And know thyself a mortal still.

Arn. And who
 With aught of soul would combat if he were
 Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.
 Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

[ARNOLD rushes into the combat.

Cæs. A precious sample of humanity!
 Well, his blood's up; and if a little's shed,
 'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[ARNOLD engages with a Roman, who retires
 towards a portico.

Arn. Yield thee, slave!
 I promise quarter.

Rom. That's soon said.

Arn. And done—
 My word is known.

Rom. So shall be my deeds.

[They re-engage. CÆSAR comes forward.

Cæs. Why, Arnold! hold thine own: thou hast in
 hand

A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;
 Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
 Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew
 The Bourbon from the wall.

Arn. Ay, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

Rom. I yet

May live to carve your betters.

Cæs. Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
Who slays Cellini will have work'd as hard
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[*ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI, but slightly:
the latter draws a pistol, and fires; then retires,
and disappears through the portico.*]

Cæs. How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arn. (*staggers.*) 'Tis a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

Cæs. Where is it?

Arn. In the shoulder, not the sword arm—
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
A helm of water!

Cæs. That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at.

Arn. And my thirst increases;—but
I'll find a way to quench it.

Cæs. Or be quench'd
Thyself?

Arn. The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
Prithee be quick. [*CÆSAR binds on the scarf.*]

And what dost thou so idly?

Why dost not strike?

Cæs. Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Arn. Ay, 'gainst an oak.

Cæs. A forest, when it suits me.
I combat with a mass, or not at all.
Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;
Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers
Will reap my harvest gratis.

Arn. Thou art still

A fiend!

Cæs. And thou—a man.

Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.

Cæs. True—as men are.

Arn. And what is that?

Cæs. Thou feelest and thou see'st.

[*Exit ARNOLD, joining in the combat which still
continues between detached parties. The
scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

St. Peter's—The Interior of the Church—The Pope at the Altar—Priests, &c. crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.

Enter CÆSAR.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them, comrades! seize upon those lamps!

Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæs. (*interposing.*) How now, schismatic!
What would'st thou?

Luth. Sold. In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a christian.

Cæs. Yea, a disciple that would make the founder
Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

Luth. Sold. I say he is the devil.

Cæs. Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognize you for his own.

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him? I repeat he is
The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

Cæs. And that's the reason: would you make a
quarrel
With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;
His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sold. That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a shot strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*]

Cæs. (*to the Lutheran.*) I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

Cæs. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's:"

You see he loves no interlopers.

Luth. Sold. (*dying.*) Oh!

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*]

Cæs. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.*]

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great professions,
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!
Follow!

Another Sold. They have barr'd the narrow passage up,
And it is clogg'd with dead even to the door.

Cæs. I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me
for 't

In part. I would not have his bulls abolish'd—
'Twere worth one half our empire: his indulgences
Demand some in return;—no, no, he must not
Fall;—and besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility. [*To the Spanish Soldiery.*

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left.
And *you* too, catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

Soldiers. By holy Peter!
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best away.

Cæs. And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church,
others enter.*

Cæs. They are gone,
And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,

Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit—She springs
upon the Altar.*

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. (*opposing the former.*) You lie, I
track'd her first; and, were she

The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. [*They fight.*

3d Sold. (*advancing towards OLIMPIA.*) You may
settle

Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp.

Infernal slave!

You touch me not alive.

3d Sold.

Alive or dead!

Olimp. (*embracing a massive crucifix.*) Respect your
God!

3d Sold.

Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and
sudden effort, casts down the crucifix: it
strikes the Soldier, who falls.*

3d Sold.

Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognize him.

3d Sold.

My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness! [*He dies.*

Other Soldiers (*coming up*). Slay her, although she
had a thousand lives:

She hath kill'd our comrade.

Olimp. Welcome such a death!
 You have no life to give, which the worst slave
 Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming
 Son,
 And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as
 I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. What do I see? Accursed jackals!
 Forbear!

Cæs. (*aside, and laughing.*) Ha! ha! here's equity!
 The dogs
 Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arn. With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is crush'd; behold
 him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it
 Upon his head.

Arn. Even so; there is a woman
 Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
 Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye hence,
 And thank your meanness, other God you have none,
 For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair
 Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have thinn'd
 Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
 Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,
 But not even these till he permits.

A Sold. (*murmuring.*) The lion
 Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. (*cuts him down.*) Mutineer!
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.*]

Arn. Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you,
slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the wall you were as shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[*ARNOLD mows down the foremost; the rest throw
down their arms.*]

Soldiers. Mercy! mercy!

Arn. Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Soldiers. We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive
A moment's error in the heat of conquest—
The conquest which you led to.

Arn. Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fix'd
In the Colonna palace.

Olimp. (*aside.*) In my father's
House!

Arn. (*to the Soldiers.*) Leave your arms; ye have no
further need
Of such: the city's render'd. And mark well
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream,
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

Soldiers (*deposing their arms and departing*).
We obey!

Arn. (*to OLIMPIA.*) Lady, you are safe.

Olimp. I should be so,
 Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
 Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
 Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
 Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
 Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

Arn. I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
 Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olimp. No! Thou hast only sack'd my native land,—
 No injury!—and made my father's house
 A den of thieves! No injury!—this temple—
 Slippery with Roman and holy gore.
 No injury! And now thou would preserve me,
 To be—but that shall never be!

*[She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe
 round her, and prepares to dash herself down
 on the side of the Altar opposite to that where
 ARNOLD stands.]*

Arn. Hold! hold!
 I swear.

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul
 A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee.
 I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not
 Of these men, though—

Olimp. I judge thee by thy mates;
 It is for God to judge thee as thou art.
 I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
 Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me
 And here, upon the marble of this temple,

Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,
 I offer him a blood less holy
 But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
 A redeem'd infant) than the holy water
 The saints have sanctified!

[OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD with disdain,
 and dashes herself on the pavement from the
 Altar.]

Arn. Eternal God!
 I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cæs. (*approaches.*) I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæs. (*assisting him to raise OLIMPIA.*) She hath done
 it well!

The leap was serious.

Arn. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs. If

She be so, I have nought to do with that:

The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn. Slave!

Cæs. Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks
 Good words, however, are as well at times.

Arn. Words!—Canst thou aid her?

Cæs. I will try. A sprinkling
 Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*]

Arn. 'Tis mix'd with blood.

Cæs. There is no cleaner now
 In Rome.

Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!

Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

Cæs. Even so Achilles loved
Penthesilea: with his form it seems
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arn. She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cæs. She breathes.

Arn. *Thou say'st it?* Then 'tis truth.

Cæs. You do me right—
The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deem'd:
He hath an ignorant audience.

Arn. (*without attending to him.*) Yes! her heart beats.
Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse.

Cæs. A sage reflection,
But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall we bear her?
I say she lives.

Arn. And will she live?

Cæs. As much
As dust can.

Arn. Then she is dead!

Cæs. Bah! bah! You are so,
And do not know it. She will come to life—
Such as you think so, such as you now are;
But we must work by human means.

Arn. We will
Convey her unto the Colonna palace,
Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cæs. Come then! raise her up!

Arn. Softly!

Cæs. As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

Arn. But doth she live indeed?

Cæs. Nay, never fear!
But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arn. Let her but live!

Cæs. The spirit of her life
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.
Count! count! I am your servant in all things,
And this is a new office:—'tis not oft
I am employ'd in such; but you perceive
How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.
On earth you have often only fiends for friends;
Now *I* desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!
I am almost enamour'd of her, as
Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

Arn. Thou!

Cæs. I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

Arn. Rival!

Cæs. I could be one right formidable;
But since I slew the seven husbands of
Tobias' future bride (and after all
'Twas suck'd out by some incense), I have laid
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble
Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's
The rub! at least to mortals.

Arn. Prithee, peace!
Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

Cæs. Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor
For Lucifer and Venus.

Arn. To the palace
Colonna, as I told you!

Cæs. Oh! I know
My way through Rome.

Arn. Now onward, onward! Gently!

[*Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA.—The scene closes.*]

PART III. SCENE I.

A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.

CHORUS.

1.

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

2.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun:

With us she is but a winter's flower,
 The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
 And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
 To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

3.

And when the spring comes with her host
 Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
 Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
 Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

4.

Pluck the others, but still remember
 Their herald out of dim December—
 The morning star of all the flowers,
 The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours;
 Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
 The virgin, virgin violet.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. (singing.) The wars are all over,
 Our swords are all idle,
 The steed bites the bridle,
 The casque's on the wall.
 There's rest for the rover;
 But his armour is rusty,
 And the veteran grows crusty,
 As he yawns in the hall.
 He drinks—but what's drinking?
 A mere pause from thinking!
 No bugle awakes him with life-and-death call.

CHORUS.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:
On the wrist of the noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
With birds from their nest.

Cæs. Oh! shadow of glory!
Dim image of war!
But the chase hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder
And quake for their race.
When the lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of nature,
And, like her, sublime!

CHORUS.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come ;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home :
They are happy, and we rejoice ;
Let their hearts have an echo from every voice !
[*Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.*]

HEAVEN AND EARTH;

A MYSTERY,

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI.

“And it came to pass . . . that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose.”

“And woman wailing for her demon lover.”—COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAMIASA.

AZAZIEL.

RAPHAEL the Archangel.

NOAH and his Sons.

IRAD.

JAPHET.

ANAH.

AHOLIBAMAH.

Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.—Chorus of Mortals.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
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HEAVEN AND EARTH.

PART I. SCENE I.

*A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.
Time, midnight.*

Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. OUR father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustom'd to descend
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:—
How my heart beats!

Aho. Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.

Anah. But the stars are hidden.
I tremble.

Aho. So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.

Anah. My sister, though
I love Azazel more than—oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.

Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?

Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.

Aho. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!

Anah. I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him:
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the seraph,
And he the perishable.

Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.

Anah. And if it should be so, and she loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.

Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! 'Tis the hour.

Anah. Seraph!
From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven*,"
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!

And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st

The face of him who made thee great,
As he hath made me of the least

Of those cast out from Eden's gate:

Yet, Seraph dear!

Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die

Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity

Her whose heart death could not keep from
o'erflowing

* The archangels, said to be seven in number.

For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
 Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
 And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
 A war unworthy: to an Adamite
 Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
 For sorrow is our element;
 Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,
 Though sometimes with our visions blent.
 The hour is near

Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite.—
 Appear! Appear!
 Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,
 And leave the stars to their own light.

Aho. Samiasa!
 Wheresoe'er

Thou rulest in the upper air—
 Or warring with the spirits who may dare
 Dispute with him

Who made all empires, empire; or recalling
 Some wandering star, which shoots through the abyss,
 Whose tenants dying, while their world is falling,
 Share the dim destiny of clay in this;
 Or joining with the inferior cherubim,
 Thou deignest to partake their hymn—
 Samiasa!

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.

Many may worship thee, that will I not:
 If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,
 Descend and share my lot!

Though I be form'd of clay,
And thou of beams
More bright than those of day
On Eden's streams,
Thine immortality can not repay
With love more warm than mine
My love. There is a ray
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.
It may be hidden long: death and decay
Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but my heart
Defies it: though this life must pass away,
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?
Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"thou liv'st for ever!"
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me
thorough,

And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
 Around me still! and I will smile
 And curse thee not; but hold
 Thee in as warm a fold
 As——but descend; and prove
 A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain
 More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

Anah. Sister! sister! I view them winging
 Their bright way through the parted night.

Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,
 As though they bore to-morrow's light.

Anah. But if our father see the sight!

Aho. He would but deem it was the moon
 Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
 An hour too soon.

Anah. They come! *he* comes!—Azaziel!

Aho. Haste

To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
 My spirit, while they hover there,
 To Samiasa's breast!

Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
 Like a returning sunset;—lo!

On Ararat's late secret crest
 A mild and many-colour'd bow,
 The remnant of their flashing path,
 Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
 Return'd to night, as rippling foam,
 Which the leviathan hath lash'd
 From his unfathomable home,

Whensporting on the face of the calm deep,
 Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
 Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.

Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!

Anah.

My Azaziel!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter IRAD and JAPHET.

Irad. Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus
 To add thy silence to the silent night,
 And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?
 They cannot aid thee.

Japh. But they soothe me—now
 Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.
 Methinks a being that is beautiful
 Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,
 The eternal beauty of undying things.
 Oh, Anah!

Irad. But she loves thee not.

Japh.

Alas!

Irad. And proud Aholibamah spurns me also.

Japh. I feel for thee too.

Irad. Let her keep her pride,
 Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn:
 It may be, time too will avenge it.

Japh.

Canst thou

Find joy in such a thought?

Irad. Nor joy nor sorrow.
I loved her well; I would have loved her better,
Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.

Japh. What destinies?

Irad. I have some cause to think
She loves another.

Japh. Anah!

Irad. No; her sister.

Japh. What other?

Irad. That I know not; but her air,
If not her words, tells me she loves another.

Japh. Ay, but not Anah: she but loves her God.

Irad. Whate'er she loveth, so she loves thee not,
What can it profit thee?

Japh. True, nothing; but
I love.

Irad. And so did I.

Japh. And now thou lov'st not,
Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou happier?

Irad. Yes.

Japh. I pity thee.

Irad. Me! why?

Japh. For being happy,
Deprived of that which makes my misery.

Irad. I take thy taunt as part of thy distemper,
And would not feel as thou dost for more shekels
Than all our father's herds would bring if weigh'd
Against the metal of the sons of Cain—
The yellow dust they try to barter with us,

As if such useless and discolour'd trash,
 The refuse of the earth, could be received
 For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, and all
 Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Japhet,
 Sigh to the stars as wolves howl to the moon—
 I must back to my rest.

Japh. And so would I
 If I could rest.

Irads. Thou wilt not to our tents then?

Japh. No, Irad; I will to the cavern, whose
 Mouth they say opens from the internal world
 To let the inner spirits of the earth
 Forth when they walk its surface.

Irads. Wherefore so?
 What wouldst thou there?

Japh. Soothe further my sad spirit
 With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot,
 And I am hopeless.

Irads. But 'tis dangerous;
 Strange sounds and sights have peopled it with terrors.
 I must go with thee.

Japh. Irad, no; believe me
 I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.

Irads. But evil things will be thy foe the more
 As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,
 Or let mine be with thine.

Japh. No, neither, Irad;
 I must proceed alone.

Irads. Then peace be with thee!

[Exit IRAD.]

Japh. (solus.) Peace! I have sought it where it
should be found,

In love—with love, too, which perhaps deserved it;
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep—
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace? the calm
Of desolation, and the stillness of
The untrodden forest, only broken by
The sweeping tempest through its groaning boughs;
Such is the sullen or the fitful state
Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown wicked,
And many signs and portents have proclaim'd
A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming doom
To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!
When the dread hour denounced shall open wide
The fountains of the deep, how mightest thou
Have lain within this bosom, folded from
The elements; this bosom, which in vain
Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more vainly,
While thine—Oh, God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench,
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When ocean is earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and watery world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

[*Exit* JAPHET.]

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Where is thy brother Japhet?

Shem. He went forth,

According to his wont, to meet with Irad,
He said; but, as I fear, to bend his steps
Towards Anah's tents, round which he hovers nightly
Like a dove round and round its pillaged nest;
Or else he walks the wild up to the cavern
Which opens to the heart of Ararat.

Noah. What doth he there? It is an evil spot
Upon an earth all evil; for things worse
Than even wicked men resort there: he
Still loves this daughter of a fated race,
Although he could not wed her if she loved him,
And that she doth not. Oh, the unhappy hearts
Of men! that one of my blood, knowing well
The destiny and evil of these days,
And that the hour approacheth, should indulge
In such forbidden yearnings! Lead the way;
He must be sought for!

Shem. Go not forward, father:

I will seek Japhet.

Noah. Do not fear for me:

All evil things are powerless on the man
Selected by Jehovah—let us on.

Shem. To the tents of the father of the sisters?

Noah. No; to the cavern of the Caucasus.

[*Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.*

SCENE III.

The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (solus.) Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou
cave,

Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurl'd
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man—Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,

And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
And the predestined creeping things reserved
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until
The salt morass subside into a sphere
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
And night by night, thy number'd days and nights.
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—— [He pauses.

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard, and shouts of laughter—afterwards a Spirit passes.

Japh. In the name
Of the Most High, what art thou?

Spirit (laughs). Ha! Ha! Ha!

Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!

Spirit (laughs). Ha! Ha!

Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains!
The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?

Spirit. Why weep'st thou?

Japh. For earth and all her children.

Spirit. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Spirit vanishes.*]

Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!
How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!

[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*]

Spirit. Rejoice!

The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,

But listen'd to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are nigh the hour
Of death!
Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart-break, nor time's sapping
motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died,
After long looking o'er the ocean wide
For the expected ebb which cometh not:
All shall be void,
Destroy'd!
Another element shall be the lord
Of life, and the abhorr'd
Children of dust be quench'd; and of each hue
Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;
And of the variegated mountain
Shall nought remain
Unchanged, or of the level plain;
Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in vain:
All merged within the universal fountain,
Man, earth, and fire, shall die,
And sea and sky
Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.

Upon the foam
Who shall erect a home?
Japh. (coming forward.) My sire!
Earth's seed shall not expire;
Only the evil shall be put away
From day.
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the waste!
Who howl your hideous joy
When God destroys whom you dare not destroy;
Hence! haste!
Back to your inner caves!
Until the waves
Shall search you in your secret place,
And drive your sullen race
Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds
In restless wretchedness along all space!
Spirit. Son of the saved!
When thou and thine have braved
The wide and warring element;
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,
Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—No!
Thy new world and new race shall be of woe—
Less goodly in their aspect, in their years
Less than the glorious giants, who
Yet walk the world in pride,
The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal bride.
Thine shall be nothing of the past, save tears.
And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?

With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
 As even to hear this wide destruction named,
 Without such grief and courage, as should rather
 Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
 Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
 And build thy city o'er the drown'd earth's grave?
 Who would outlive their kind,
 Except the base and blind?

 Mine

 Hateth thine

As of a different order in the sphere,
 But not our own.

There is not one who hath not left a throne
 Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
 Rather than see his mates endure alone.

 Go, wretch! and give

A life like thine to other wretches—live!

 And when the annihilating waters roar

 Above what they have done,

Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,

 And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!

 Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.

 Rejoice!

 No more the human voice

 Shall vex our joys in middle air

 With prayer;

 No more

 Shall they adore;

And we, who ne'er for ages have adored
 The prayer-exacting Lord,
 To whom the omission of a sacrifice
 Is vice;

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd
 Until one element shall do the work

Of all in chaos; until they,
 The creatures proud of their poor clay,
 Shall perish, and their bleach'd bones shall lurk
 In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where
 The deep shall follow to their latest lair;

Where even the brutes, in their despair,
 Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,
 And the striped tiger shall lie down to die
 Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother;

Till all things shall be as they were,
 Silent and uncreated, save the sky:

While a brief truce
 Is made with Death, who shall forbear
 The little remnant of the past creation,
 To generate new nations for his use;
 This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
 Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
 When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
 Into a world, shall give again to time
 New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime—
 With all companionship of hate and toil,
 Until——

Japh. (*interrupting them.*) The eternal will
 Shall deign to expound this dream
 Of good and evil; and redeem

Unto himself all times, all things;
 And, gather'd under his almighty wings,
 Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth
 Restore the beauty of her birth,
 Her Eden in an endless paradise,
 Where man no more can fall as once he fell,
 And even the very demons shall do well!

Spirits. And when shall take effect this wondrous
 spell?

Japh. When the Redeemer cometh; first in pain,
 And then in glory.

Spirit. Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
 Till earth wax hoary;
 War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,
 Until the clouds look gory
 With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
 New times, new climes, new arts, new men; but still,
 The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill,
 Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
 But the same moral storms
 Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
 In a few hours the glorious giants' graves*.

Chorus of Spirits.

Brethren, rejoice!

Mortal, farewell!

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice

* "And there were giants in those days, and after; mighty men,
 which were of old men of renown."—*Genesis*.

Of growing ocean's gloomy swell ;
 The winds, too, plume their piercing wings !
 The clouds have nearly fill'd their springs ;
 The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
 And heaven set wide her windows ; while mankind
 View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
 Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
 We hear the sound they cannot hear,
 The mustering thunders of the threateningsphere ;
 Yet a few hours their coming is delay'd ;
 Their flashing banners, folded still on high,
 Yet undisplay'd,
 Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.
 Howl ! howl ! oh Earth !
 Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth :
 Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
 The ocean's overflow !
 The wave shall break upon your cliffs ; and shells,
 The little shells, of ocean's least things be
 Deposited where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
 How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea !
 And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
 Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching swell ;—
 While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
 The wings which could not save :—
 Where could he rest them, while the whole space
 brings
 Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his grave ?
 Brethren, rejoice !
 And loudly lift each superhuman voice—

All die,

Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—

The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future sorrow's sake from death.

But of the sons of Cain

None shall remain;

And all his goodly daughters

Must lie beneath the desolating waters;

Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid

Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,

Which would not spare

Beings even in death so fair.

It is decreed,

All die!

And to the universal human cry

The universal silence shall succeed!

Fly, brethren, fly!

But still rejoice!

We fell!

They fall!

So perish all

These petty foes of Heaven who shrink from hell!

[*The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*

Japh. (solus.) God hath proclaim'd the destiny of
earth;

My father's ark of safety hath announced it;

The very demons shriek it from their caves;

The scroll* of Enoch prophesied it long

* The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

In silent books, which, in their silence, say
More to the mind than thunder to the ear:
And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but
Walk darkling to their doom; which, though so nigh,
Shakes them no more in their dim disbelief,
Than their last cries shall shake the Almighty purpose,
Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.
No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;
The clouds are few, and of their wonted texture;
The sun will rise upon the earth's last day
As on the fourth day of creation, when
God said unto him, "Shine!" and he broke forth
Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet
Unform'd forefather of mankind—but roused
Before the human orison the earlier
Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,
Which in the open firmament of heaven
Have wings like angels, and like them salute
Heaven first each day before the Adamites:
Their matins now draw nigh—the east is kindling—
And they will sing! and day will break! Both near,
So near the awful close! For these must drop
Their outworn pinions on the deep; and day,
After the bright course of a few brief morrows,—
Ay, day will rise; but upon what?—a chaos,
Which was ere day; and which, renew'd, makes time
Nothing! for, without life, what are the hours?
No more to dust than is eternity
Unto Jehovah, who created both.
Without him, even eternity would be

A void: without man, time, as made for man,
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that deep
 Which has no fountain; as his race will be
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant world.—
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth and air?
 No—*all* of heaven, they are so beautiful.
 I cannot trace their features; but their forms,
 How lovelily they move along the side
 Of the gray mountain, scattering its mist!
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose
 Infernal immortality pour'd forth
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall be
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come
 To tell me the reprieve of our young world,
 For which I have so often pray'd—They come!
 Anah! oh, God! and with her——

Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah.

Japhet!

Sam.

Lo!

A son of Adam!

Aza.

What doth the earth-born here,
 While all his race are slumbering?

Japh.

Angel! what
 Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be on high?

Aza. Know'st thou not, or forget'st thou, that a part
 Of our great function is to guard thine earth?

Japh. But all good angels have forsaken earth,
 Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my

In vain, and long, and still to be beloved!
 Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those hours
 When no good spirit longer lights below?

Anah. Japhet, I cannot answer thee; yet, yet
 Forgive me——

Japh. May the Heaven, which soon no more
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly tempted.

Aho. Back to thy tents, insulting son of Noah!
 We know thee not.

Japh. The hour may come when thou
 May'st know me better; and thy sister know
 Me still the same which I have ever been.

Sam. Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been
 Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,
 And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with wrath,
 How have Azaziel, or myself, brought on thee
 Wrong?

Japh. Wrong! the greatest of all wrongs; but thou
 Say'st well, though she be dust, I did not, could not,
 Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said
 That word so often! but now say it, ne'er
 To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er
 Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the power
 To save this beautiful—*these* beautiful
 Children of Cain?

Aza. From what?

Japh. And is it so,
 That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye
 Have shared man's sin, and, it may be, now must
 Partake his punishment; or at the least
 My sorrow.

Sam. Sorrow! I ne'er thought till now
To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.

Japh. And hath not the Most High expounded them?
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

Aho. So be it!
If they love as they are loved, they will not shrink
More to be mortal, than I would to dare
An immortality of agonies
With Samiasa!

Anah. Sister! sister! speak not
Thus.

Aza. Fearest thou, my Anah?

Anah. Yes, for thee:
I would resign the greater remnant of
This little life of mine, before one hour
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

Japh. It is for *him*, then! for the seraph thou
Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast not
Left thy God too! for unions like to these,
Between a mortal and an immortal, cannot
Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they
Are made to minister on high unto
The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon
The hour will come in which celestial aid
Alone can do so.

Anah. Ah! he speaks of death.

Sam. Of death to *us!* and those who are with us!
But that the man seems full of sorrow, I
Could smile.

Japh. I grieve not for myself, nor fear;
 I am safe, not for my own deserts, but those
 Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found
 Righteous enough to save his children. Would
 His power was greater of redemption! or
 That by exchanging my own life for hers,
 Who could alone have made mine happy, she,
 The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could share
 The ark which shall receive a remnant of
 The seed of Seth!

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
 With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
 Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
 In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
 Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
 No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
 Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine
 From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
 Too much of the forefather whom thou vauntest
 Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
 From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
 But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
 Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot
 Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
 Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
 Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
 Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
 The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
 For all of them are fairest in their favour—

Aho. (*interrupting him.*) And wouldst thou have her
like our father's foe

In mind, in soul? If *I* partook thy thought,
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her*!—
Get thee hence, son of *Noah*; thou makest strife.

Japh. Offspring of *Cain*, thy father did so!

Aho. But

He slew not *Seth*; and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?

Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged
him, and

I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.

Aho. He was our fathers' father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days——

Japh. They are number'd.

Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers.

Japh. My sire and race but glory in their God,
Anah! and thou?——

Anah. Whate'er our God decrees,
The God of *Seth* as *Cain*, I must obey,
And will endeavour patiently to obey.
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),

It would not be to live, alone exempt
 Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!
 What were the world, or other worlds, or all
 The brightest future, without the sweet past—
 Thy love—my father's—all the life, and all
 The things which sprang up with me, like the stars,
 Making my dim existence radiant with
 Soft lights which were not mine? Aholibamah!
 Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it, find it:
 I abhor death, because that thou must die.

Aho. What! hath this dreamer, with his father's ark,
 The bugbear he hath built to scare the world,
 Shaken *my* sister? Are *we* not the loved
 Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we
 Cling to a son of Noah for our lives?
 Rather than thus——But the enthusiast dreams
 The worst of dreams, the fantasies engender'd
 By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who
 Shall shake these solid mountains, this firm earth,
 And bid those clouds and waters take a shape
 Distinct from that which we and all our sires
 Have seen them wear on their eternal way?
 Who shal do this?

Japh. He whose one word produced them.

Aho. Who *heard* that word?

Japh. The universe, which leap'd
 To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in scorn?
 Turn to thy seraphs; if they attest it not,
 They are none.

Sam. Aholibamah, own thy God!

Aho. I have ever hail'd our Maker, Samiasa,
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not sorrow.

Japh. Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love had soon to grieve
Above its first and best inhabitants.

Aho. 'Tis said so.

Japh. It is even so.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

Noah. Japhet! What
Dost thou here with these children of the wicked?
Dread'st thou not to partake their coming doom?

Japh. Father, it cannot be a sin to seek
To save an earth-born being; and behold,
These are not of the sinful, since they have
The fellowship of angels.

Noah. These are they, then,
Who leave the throne of God, to take them wives
From out the race of Cain; the sons of heaven,
Who seek earth's daughters for their beauty?

Aza. Patriarch!
Thou hast said it.

Noah. Woe, woe, woe to such communion!
Has not God made a barrier between earth
And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?

Sam. Was not man made in high Jehovah's image?
Did God not love what he had made? And what
Do we but imitate and emulate
His love unto created love?

Noah. I am
But man, and was not made to judge mankind,

Far less the sons of God; but as our God
 Has deign'd to commune with me, and reveal
His judgments, I reply, that the descent
 Of seraphs from their everlasting seat
 Unto a perishable and perishing,
 Even on the very *eve* of *perishing*, world,
 Cannot be good.

Aza. What! though it were to save?

Noah. Not ye in all your glory can redeem
 What he who made you glorious hath condemn'd.
 Were your immortal mission safety, 't would
 Be general, not for two, though beautiful;
 And beautiful they are, but not the less
 Condemn'd.

Japh. Oh father! say it not.

Noah. Son! son!

If that thou wouldst avoid their doom, forget
 That they exist; they soon shall cease to be,
 While thou shalt be the sire of a new world,
 And better.

Japh. Let me die with *this*, and *them*!

Noah. Thou *shouldst* for such a thought, but shalt
 not; he

Who *can* redeems thee.

Sam. And why him and thee,

More than what he, thy son, prefers to both?

Noah. Ask him who made thee greater than myself
 And mine, but not less subject to his own
 Almightyness. And lo! his mildest and
 Least to be tempted messenger appears!

Enter RAPHAEL the Archangel.

Raph. Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,

What do ye here?

Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown,

Now that the hour is near

When earth must be alone?

Return!

Adore and burn

In glorious homage with the elected "seven."

Your place is heaven.

Sam. Raphael!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,

How long hath this been law,

That earth by angels must be left untrod?

Earth! which oft saw

Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!

The world he loved, and made

For love; and oft have we obey'd

His frequent mission with delighted pinions:

Adoring him in his least works display'd;

Watching this youngest star of his dominions;

And, as the latest birth of his great word,

Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruction near?

Raph. Had Samiasa and Azaziel been

In their true place, with the angelic choir,

Written in fire

They would have seen
Jehovah's late decree,
And not inquired their Maker's breath of me:
 But ignorance must ever be
 A part of sin;
And even the spirits' knowledge shall grow less
 As they wax proud within;
For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye staid,
Stung with strange passions, and debased
By mortal feelings for a mortal maid;
But ye are pardon'd thus far, and replaced
With your pure equals. Hence! away! away!

 Or stay,
 And lose eternity by that delay!
Aza. And thou! if earth be thus forbidden
 In the decree
 To us until this moment hidden,
 Dost thou not err as we
 In being here?

Raph. I came to call ye back to your fit sphere,
In the great name and at the word of God.
Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce less dear
 That which I came to do: till now we trod
Together the eternal space; together
 Let us still walk the stars. True, earth must die!
Her race, return'd into her womb, must wither,
 And much which she inherits; but oh! why
Cannot this earth be made, or be destroy'd,
Without involving ever some vast void

In the immortal ranks? immortal still

In their immeasurable forfeiture.

Our brother Satan fell; his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared endure!

But ye who still are pure!

Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest one,

Think how he was undone!

And think if tempting man can compensate

For heaven desired too late?

Long have I warr'd,

Long must I war

With him who deem'd it hard

To be created, and to acknowledge him

Who midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependent star,

Leaving the archangels at his right hand dim.

I loved him—beautiful he was: oh heaven!

Save *his* who made, what beauty and what power

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour

In which he fell could ever be forgiven!

The wish is impious: but, oh ye!

Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity

With him, or with his God, is in your choice:

He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt

The angels, from his further snares exempt:

But man hath listen'd to his voice,

And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,

The serpent's voice less subtle than her kiss.

The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she will draw

A second host from heaven, to break heaven's law.

Yet, yet, oh fly!
 Ye cannot die;
 But they
 Shall pass away,

While ye shall fill with shrieks the upper sky
 For perishable clay,
 Whose memory in your immortality
 Shall long outlast the sun which gave them day.
 Think how your essence differeth from theirs
 In all but suffering! why partake
 The agony to which they must be heirs—
 Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,
 And reap'd by Death, lord of the human soil?
 Even had their days been left to toil their path
 Through time to dust, unshorten'd by God's wrath,
 Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's spoil.

Aho. Let them fly!

I hear the voice which says that all must die
 Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs died;
 And that on high
 An ocean is prepared,
 While from below
 The deep shall rise to meet heaven's overflow.
 Few shall be spared,
 It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain
 Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.
 Sister! since it is so,
 And the eternal Lord
 In vain would be implored
 For the remission of one hour of woe,

Let us resign even what we have adored,
And meet the wave, as we would meet the sword,
If not unmoved, yet undismay'd.

And wailing less for us than those who shall
Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,

And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,
Weep for the myriads who can weep no more.

Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,

And yours to live for ever:

But which is best, a dead eternity,
Or living, is but known to the great Giver.

Obey him, as we shall obey;

I would not keep this life of mine in clay

An hour beyond his will;

Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,

For all the mercy which Seth's race

Find still.

Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to heaven,
Think that my love still mounts with thee on high,

Samiasa!

And if I look up with a tearless eye,

'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to weep.—

Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!

Anah. And must we die?

And must I lose thee too,

Azazel?

Oh, my heart! my heart!

Thy prophecies were true!

And yet thou wert so happy too!

The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls as new;

But yet depart!

Ah! why?

Yet let me not retain thee—fly!

My pangs can be but brief; but thine would be
Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.

Too much already hast thou deign'd

To one of Adam's race!

Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,

But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.

The first who taught us knowledge hath been hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne

Into some unknown world:

And thou, Azazel! No—

Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!

Thou canst not weep; but yet

Mayst suffer more, not weeping: then forget

Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling deep

Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!

Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.

Japh. Oh say not so!

Father! and thou, archangel, thou!

Surely celestial mercy lurks below

That pure severe serenity of brow:

Let them not meet this sea without a shore,

Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

Noah. Peace, child of passion, peace!
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue
Do God no wrong!

Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,
A righteous death, unlike the seed of Cain's.

Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish plaint.

Wouldst thou have God commit a sin for thee?

Such would it be

To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!

And bear what Adam's race must bear, and can.

Japh. Ay, father! but when they are gone,
And we are all alone,

Floating upon the azure desert, and

The depth beneath us hides our own dear land,

And dearer, silent friends and brethren, all

Buried in its immeasurable breast,

Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall then command?

Can we in desolation's peace have rest?

Oh God! be thou a God, and spare

Yet while 'tis time!

Renew not Adam's fall:

Mankind were then but twain,

But they are numerous now as are the waves

And the tremendous rain,

Whose drops shall be less thick than would their graves,

Were graves permitted to the seed of Cain.

Noah. Silence, vain boy! each word of thine's a crime.
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.

Sam. It may not be;
We have chosen, and will endure.

Raph. Say'st thou?

Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!

Raph. Again!
Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

Japh. Alas! where shall they dwell?
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

Noah. Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
And hover round the mountain, where before
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
Yet dared to soar,
Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave.
Soon it shall be their only shore,
And then, no more!

Japh. The sun! the sun!
He riseth, but his better light is gone;
And a black circle, bound
His glaring disk around,

Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath shone!

The clouds return into the hues of night,
Save where their brazen-colour'd edges streak
The verge where brighter morns were wont to break.

Noah. And lo! yon flash of light,
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!

It cometh! hence, away!
Leave to the elements their evil prey!
Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark uprears
Its safe and wreckless sides.

Japh. Oh, father, stay!
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

Noah. Must we not leave all life to such? Begone!

Japh. Not I.

Noah. Then die

With them!

How darest thou look on that prophetic sky,
And seek to save what all things now condemn,
In overwhelming unison

With just Jehovah's wrath!

Japh. Can rage and justice join in the same path?

Noah. Blasphemer! darest thou murmur even now?

Raph. Patriarch, be still a father! smooth thy brow:

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink;

He knows not what he says, yet shall not drink

With sobs the salt foam of the swelling waters;

But be, when passion passeth, good as thou,

Nor perish like heaven's children with man's
daughters.

Aho. The tempest cometh; heaven and earth unite
For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal Might!

Sam. But ours is with thee; we will bear ye far
To some untroubled star,

Where thou and Anah shalt partake our lot:

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost earth,
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.

Anah. Oh! my dear father's tents, my place of birth,
And mountains, land, and woods! when ye are not,
Who shall dry up my tears?

Aza. Thy spirit-lord.

Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be driven.

Raph. Rebel! thy words are wicked, as thy deeds
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming sword,
Which chased the first-born out of Paradise,
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

Aza. It cannot slay us: threaten dust with death,
And talk of weapons unto that which bleeds.
What are thy swords in our immortal eyes?

Raph. The moment cometh to approve thy strength;
And learn at length
How vain to war with what thy God commands:
Thy former force was in thy faith.

Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.

Chorus of Mortals.

The heavens and earth are mingling—God! oh God!
What have we done? Yet spare!

Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their pray'r!

The dragon crawls from 'out his den,

To herd, in terror, innocent with men;

And the birds scream their agony through air.

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod

Of wrath, and pity thine own world's despair!

Hear not man only but all nature plead!

Raph. Farewell, thou earth! ye wretched sons of clay,
I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed!

[*Exit RAPHAEL.*

Japh. Some clouds sweep on as vultures for their prey,
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the word
At which their wrathful vials shall be pour'd.

No azure more shall robe the firmament,

Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death hath risen:

In the sun's place a pale and ghastly glare

Hath wound itself around the dying air.

Aza. Come, Anah! quit this chaos-founded prison,
To which the elements again repair,

To turn it into what it was: beneath

The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,

As was the eagle's nestling once within

Its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe

With all its elements! Heed not their din!

A brighter world than this, where thou shalt breathe

Ethereal life, will we explore:

These darken'd clouds are not the only skies.

[AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off, and disappear
with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.

Japh. They are gone! They have disappear'd amidst
the roar

Of the forsaken world; and never more,
Whether they live, or die with all earth's life,
Now near its last, can aught restore
Anah unto these eyes.

Chorus of Mortals.

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!
What! wilt thou leave us all—all—*all* behind?
While safe amidst the elemental strife,
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET). Oh let
this child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,
But thought it joy
To see him to my bosom clinging so.
Why was he born?
What hath he done—
My unwean'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?
What is there in this milk of mine, that death
Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?
Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be—with him who made
Thee and thy race, for which we are betray'd!
Japh. Peace! 'tis no hour for curses, but for prayer!

Chorus of Mortals.

For prayer!!!
And where
Shall prayer ascend,
When the swoln clouds unto the mountains bend
And burst,
And gushing oceans every barrier rend,
Until the very deserts know no thirst?
Accurst
Be he who made thee and thy sire!
We deem our curses vain; we must expire;
But as we know the worst,
Why should our hymn be raised, our knees be bent
Before the implacable Omnipotent,
Since we must fall the same?
If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,
To make a world for torture.—Lo! they come,
The loathsome waters, in their rage!
And with their roar make wholesome nature dumb!
The forest's trees (coeval with the hour
When Paradise upsprung,
Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,
Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),
So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,
Are overtopt,
Their summer blossoms by the surges lopt,

Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—

They meet the seas,

And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine ease

In thine allotted ocean-tent;

And view, all floating o'er the element,

The corpses of the world of thy young days:

Then to Jehovah raise

Thy song of praise!

A Mortal. Blessed are the dead

Who die in the Lord!

And though the waters be o'er earth outspread,

Yet, as *his* word,

Be the decree adored!

He gave me life—he taketh but

The breath which is his own:

And though these eyes should be for ever shut,

Nor longer this weak voice before his throne

Be heard in supplicating tone,

Still blessed be the Lord,

For what is past,

For that which is:

For all are his,

From first to last—

Time—space—eternity—life—death—

The vast known and immeasurable unknown.

He made, and can unmake;

And shall *I*, for a little gasp of breath,

Blaspheme and groan?

No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,
Nor quiver, though the universe may quake!

Chorus of Mortals.

Where shall we fly?

Not to the mountains high;

For now their torrents rush, with double roar,

To meet the ocean, which, advancing still,
Already grasps each drowning hill,

Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave.

Enter a Woman.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!

Our valley is no more:

My father and my father's tent,
My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,

The little rivulet which freshen'd all

Our pastures green,

No more are to be seen.

When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,

I turn'd to bless the spot,

And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—

And now they are not!—

Why was I born?

Japh. To die! in youth to die;

And happier in that doom,

Than to behold the universal tomb

Which I

Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.

Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[*The waters rise: Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the mountains: Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.*

THE ISLAND;

OR,

CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

THE BOUNTY

CHAPTER I

THE foundation of the following story will be found partly in the account of the mutiny of the *Bounty* in the South Seas (in 1789), and partly in "*Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.*"

THE ISLAND.

CANTO I.

I.

THE morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately shadow'd white,
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening flight;
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:

His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er ;
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure ?
Alas ! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet ;
Young hearts, which languish'd for some sunny isle,
Where summer years and summer women smile ;
Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed,
And, half uncivilized, preferr'd the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that nature gave untill'd ;
The wood without a path but where they will'd ;
The field o'er which promiscuous plenty pour'd
Her horn ; the equal land without a lord ;
The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood ;
The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold,
The glowing sun and produce all its gold ;
The freedom which can call each grot a home ;
The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild ;
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know ;
Their unexploring navy, the canoe ;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase ;
Their strangest sight, an European face :—

Such was the country which these strangers yearn'd
To see again ; a sight they dearly earn'd.

III.

Awake, bold Bligh ! the foe is at the gate !
Awake ! awake !—Alas ! it is too late !
Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.
Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast ;
The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest ;
Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy command
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand ;
That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escape from duty's path,
Glares round thee, in the scarce believing eyes
Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice :
For ne'er can man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced breath :—
They come not ; they are few, and, overawed,
Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts applaud.
In vain thou dost demand the cause : a curse
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.
Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid.
The levell'd muskets circle round thy breast
In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.

Thou darest them to their worst, exclaiming—"Fire!"
 But they who pitied not could yet admire;
 Some lurking remnant of their former awe
 Restrain'd them longer than their broken law;
 They would not dip their souls at once in blood,
 But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

V.

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leader's cry;
 And who dare answer "No!" to Mutiny,
 In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
 The Saturnalia of unhoped-for power?
 The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
 With its slight plank between thee and thy fate;
 Her only cargo such a scant supply
 As promises the death their hands deny;
 And just enough of water and of bread
 To keep, some days, the dying from the dead:
 Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and twine,
 But treasures all to hermits of the brine,
 Were added after, to the earnest prayer
 Of those who saw no hope save sea and air;
 And last, that trembling vassal of the Pole—
 The feeling compass—Navigation's soul.

VI.

And now the self-elected chief finds time
 To stun the first sensation of his crime,
 And raise it in his followers—"Ho! the bowl!"
 Lest passion should return to reason's shoal.

“Brandy for heroes!” Burke could once exclaim—
No doubt a liquid path to epic fame;
And such the new-born heroes found it here,
And drain’d the draught with an applauding cheer.
“Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry.
How strange such shouts from sons of Mutiny!
The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from nature caught,
The wealth unhoarded, and the love unbought;
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys, driven
Before the mast by every wind of heaven?
And now, even now prepared with other’s woes
To earn mild virtue’s vain desire, repose?
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim
At the same end by pathways not the same;
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,
Are far more potent o’er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day.
Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain’s silence, and o’er Glory’s din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man’s conscience is the oracle of God.

VII.

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
Who wait their chief, a melancholy crew:
But some remain’d reluctant on the deck
Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—

And view'd their captain's fate with piteous eyes ;
While others scoff'd his augur'd miseries,
Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail,
And the slight bark so laden and so frail.
The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas ! more free.
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornados sweep
The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind.

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
Which hail'd her master in the mutineer—
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
Show'd the vain pity which but irritates ;
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring eye,
And told, in signs, repentant sympathy ;
Held the moist shaddock to his parched mouth,
Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter drouth.
But soon observed, this guardian was withdrawn,
Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's dawn.
Then forward stepp'd the bold and froward boy
His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,
And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
Exclaim'd, " Depart at once ! delay is death !"
Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all :
In that last moment could a word recall

Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
And what he hid from many show'd to one:
When Bligh in stern reproach demanded where
Was now his grateful sense of former care?
Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,
And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher?
His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
" 'Tis that! 'tis that! I am in hell! in hell!"
No more he said; but urging to the bark
His chief, commits him to his fragile ark;
These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
But volumes lurk'd below his fierce farewell.

IX.

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave;
The breeze now sank, now whisper'd from his cave;
As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean strings.
With slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd skiff
Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-seen cliff,
Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:
That boat and ship shall never meet again!
But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril and their scant relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
Their manly courage even when deem'd in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more;

The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
That now almost ingulfs, then leaves to creep
With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along
The tide that yields reluctant to the strong;
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings
A drop to moisten life's all gasping springs;
The savage foe escaped, to seek again
More hospitable shelter from the main;
The ghastly spectres which were doom'd at last
To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
As ever the dark annals of the deep
Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

x.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
Nor unredress'd. Revenge may have her own:
Roused discipline aloud proclaims their cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws.
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
Whom distant vengeance had not taught to fear.
Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome bay;
Once more the happy shores without a law
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
Nature, and nature's goddess—woman—woos
To lands where, save their conscience, none accuse;

Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit*;
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:—
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams,
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
Till Europe taught them better than before;
Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,
But left her vices also to their heirs.
Away with this! behold them as they were,
Do good with Nature, or with Nature err.
“Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry,
As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
The breeze springs up; the lately flapping sail
Extends its arch before the growing gale;
In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
Which her bold bow flings off with dashing ease.
Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin foam;
But those she wafted still look'd back to home—
These spurn their country with their rebel bark,
And fly her as the raven fled the ark;
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

* The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

CANTO II.

I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai*,
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
And hear the warbling birds! the damsels said:
The wood-dove from the forest depth shall coo,
Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo;
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the dead,
For these most bloom where rests the warrior's head;
And we will sit in twilight's face, and see
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa tree,
The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
Which spurn in columns back the baffled spray.
How beautiful are these! how happy they,
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!

* The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." Toobonai is *not* however one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,
And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the moon.

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
Then feast like spirits in their promised bowers,
Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
And plait our garlands gather'd from the grave,
And wear the wreaths that sprung from out the brave.
But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us back,
The sound of mats are heard along our track;
Anon the torchlight dance shall fling its sheen
In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;
And we too will be there; we too recal
The memory bright with many a festival,
Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
For the first time were wafted in canoes.
Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;
Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds:
Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
Of wandering with the moon and love alone.
But be it so:—*they* taught us how to wield
The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field:
Now let them reap the harvest of their art!
But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.
Strike up the dance! the cava bowl fill high!
Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.

In summer garments be our limbs array'd;
 Around our waists the tappa's white display'd;
 Thick wreaths shall form our coronal, like spring's,
 And round our necks shall glance the hooni strings;
 So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
 Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;
 Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.
 To-morrow for the Mooa we depart,
 But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.
 Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,
 Ye young enchantresses of gay Licoo!
 How lovely are your forms! how every sense
 Bows to your beauties, soften'd, but intense,
 Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
 Which fling their fragrance far athwart the deep!—
 We too will see Licoo; but—oh! my heart!—
 What do I say?—to-morrow we depart!

IV.

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times
 Before the winds blew Europe o'er these climes.
 True, they had vices—such are nature's growth—
 But only the barbarian's—we have both:
 The sordor of civilization, mix'd
 With all the savage which man's fall hath fix'd.
 Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,
 The prayers of Abel link'd to deeds of Cain?

Who such would see may from his lattice view
The Old World more degraded than the New,—
Now *new* no more, save where Columbia rears
Twin giants, born by Freedom to her spheres,
Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

v.

Such was this ditty of tradition's days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young history all to harmony;
A boy Achilles, with the centaur's lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple stave,
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o'er each true heart and ear,
Then all the columns Conquest's minions rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages' labours or the student's dream;
Attracts, when history's volumes are a toil,—
The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude—
But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,
Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever rise
Lands which no foes destroy or civilize,

Exist: and what can our accomplish'd art
Of verse do more than reach the awaken'd heart?

VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
The sweet siesta of a summer day,
The tropic afternoon of Toóbonai,
When every flower was bloom, and air was balm,
And the first breath began to stir the palm,
The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,
Where sat the songstress with the stranger boy,
Who taught her passion's desolating joy,
Too powerful over every heart, but most
O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
With such devotion to their ecstasy,
That life knows no such rapture as to die:
And die they do; for earthly life has nought
Match'd with that burst of nature, even in thought;
And all our dreams of better life above
But close in one eternal gush of love.

VII.

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime,
Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;

The infant of an infant world, as pure
From nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
Dusky like night, but night with all her stars;
Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
With eyes that were a language and a spell,
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
Such was this daughter of the southern seas,
Herself a billow in her energies,
To bear the bark of others' happiness,
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:
Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er drew
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone, whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,
Or what she knew was soon—too soon—forgot:
Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds pass
O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,
Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains from the hill,
Restore their surface, in itself so still,
Until the earthquake tear the naiad's cave,
Root up the spring, and trample on the wave,

And crush the living waters to a mass,
The amphibious desert of the dank morass!
And must their fate be hers? The eternal change
But grasps humanity with quicker range;
And they who fall but fall as worlds will fall,
To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child
Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
Where roars the Pentland with its whirling seas;
Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
The tempest-born in body and in mind,
His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home,
The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
His bark was borne; the sport of wave and air;
A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,
Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship*;

* The "ship of the desert" is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well, the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud cacique;
On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek;
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
If rear'd to such, can find no further prey
Beyond itself, and must retrace its way*,
Plunging for pleasure into pain: the same
Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
A humbler state and discipline of heart
Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart †;
But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
How small their theatre without a throne!

IX.

Thou smilest;—these comparisons seem high
To those who scan all things with dazzled eye;
Link'd with the unknown name of one whose doom
Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,

* “ Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.”—POPE.

† The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that “Rome would now be the mistress of the world.” And yet to this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of “Nero” is heard, who thinks of the consul?—But such are human things.

With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby;—
Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than sigh;
Yet such he might have been; he was a man,
A soaring spirit, ever in the van,
A patriot hero or despotic chief,
To form a nation's glory or its grief,
Born under auspices which makes us more
Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
But these are visions; say, what was he here?
A blooming boy, a truant mutineer.
The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as ocean's spray,
The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

x.

By Neuha's side he sate, and watch'd the waters,—
Neuha, the sun-flower of the island daughters,
Highborn (a birth at which the herald smiles,
Without a scutcheon for these secret isles),
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
The naked knights of savage chivalry,
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore;
And thine—I've seen—Achilles! do no more.
She, when the thunder-bearing strangers came,
In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than the palm,
Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm;
But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth wings
Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
And sway'd the waves, like cities of the sea,
Making the very billows look less free;—

She, with her paddling oar and dancing prow,
Shot through the surf, like reindeer through the snow,
Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening edge,
Light as a nereid in her ocean sledge,
And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk,
Which heaved from wave to wave its trampling bulk:
The anchor dropp'd; it lay along the deep,
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,
While round it swarm'd the proas' fitting chain,
Like summer bees that hum around his mane.

XI.

The white man landed!—need the rest be told?
The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to the Old;
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.
Kind was the welcome of the sun-born sires,
And kinder still their daughters' gentler fires.
Their union grew: the children of the storm
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky form;
While these in turn admired the paler glow,
Which seem'd so white in climes that knew no snow.
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,
The soil where every cottage show'd a home;
The sea-spread net, the lightly-launch'd canoe,
Which stemm'd the studded archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles;
The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive toils;
The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,

While eagles scarce build higher than the crest
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,
Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;
The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unrep'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest;—
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,
The airy joys of social solitudes,
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympathies
Of those who were more happy, if less wise,
Did more than Europe's discipline had done,
And civilized civilization's son!

XII.

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:
Both children of the isles, though distant far;
Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;
Both nourish'd amidst nature's native scenes,
Loved to the last, whatever intervenes
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,
Which still reverts to what first caught the eye.
He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy*,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount.
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy stray'd;
The north and nature taught me to adore
Your scenes sublime, from those beloved before.

XIII.

The love which maketh all things fond and fair,
The youth which makes one rainbow of the air,
The dangers past, that make even man enjoy
The pause in which he ceases to destroy,
The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel
Strike to their hearts like lightning to the steel,

* When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough, but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

United the half savage and the whole,
The maid and boy, in one absorbing soul.
No more the thundering memory of the fight
Wrapp'd his wean'd bosom in its dark delight;
No more the irksome restlessness of rest
Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,
Whose whetted beak and far-pervading eye
Darts for a victim over all the sky;
His heart was tamed to that voluptuous state,
At once Elysian and effeminate,
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's urn;—
These wither when for aught save blood they burn;
Yet when their ashes in their nook are laid,
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?
Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
Rome had been free, the world had not been his.
And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame
Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame:
The gory sanction of his glory stains
The rust which tyrants cherish on our chains.
Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom, bid
Roused millions do what single Brutus did—
Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
From the tall bough where they have perch'd so long,—
Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing owls,
And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
When but a word of freedom would dispel
These bugbears, as their terrors show too well.

XIV.

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
Neuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,
With no distracting world to call her off
From love; with no society to scoff
At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
Of coxcomby in admiration loud,
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy:
With faith and feelings naked as her form,
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,
Changing its hues with bright variety,
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
How'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
The cloud-compelling harbinger of love.

XV.

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;
Nor long the hours—they never paused o'er time,
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,
And points and mocks with iron laugh at man.
What deem'd they of the future or the past?
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the tide,
Like her smooth billow, saw their moments glide;
Their clock the sun, in his unbounded tow'r;
They reckon'd not, whose day was but an hour;

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell *;
The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the north he mellows o'er the deep,
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.
Then rose they, looking first along the skies,
And then for light into each other's eyes,
Wondering that summer show'd so brief a sun,
And asking if indeed the day were done.

XVI.

And let not this seem strange; the devotee
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;
Around him days and worlds are heedless driven,
His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.
Is love less potent? No—his path is trod,
Alike uplifted gloriously to God;
Or link'd to all we know of heaven below,
The other better self, whose joy or woe
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,
Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,
Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.

* The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the western as to the eastern reader.

How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!—
Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
And who, though gazing lower, ever thought,
In the young moments ere the heart is taught
Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
All nature is his realm, and love his throne.

XVII.

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,
Echoed their dim light to the mustering stars.
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the palm;
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;
Lovely as Love—the spirit!—when serene.
The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell*.

* If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should

As, far divided from his parent deep,
The sea-born infant cries, and will not sleep,
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:
The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to rest,
The tropic bird wheel'd rock-ward to his nest,
And the blue sky spread round them like a lake
Of peace, where Piety her thirst might slake.

XVIII.

But through the palm and plantain, hark, a voice!
Not such as would have been a lover's choice,
In such an hour, to break the air so still;
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,
Striking the strings of nature, rock and tree,
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,
With Echo for their chorus; nor the alarm
Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;
Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,
Exhaling all his solitary soul,
The dim though large-eyed winged anchorite,
Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night;—

appear obscure, he will find in "Gebir" the same idea better expressed in two lines.—The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity!

But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill
As ever started through a sea-bird's bill;
And then a pause, and then a hoarse "Hillo!
Torquil! my boy! what cheer? Ho! brother, ho!"
"Who hails?" cried Torquil, following with his eye
The sound. "Here's one," was all the brief reply.

XIX.

But here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,
Not like a "bed of violets" on the gale,
But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
And reek'd, midst mountain-billows unabash'd,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher*.
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;

* Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

XX.

Through the approaching darkness of the wood
A human figure broke the solitude,
Fantastically, it may be, array'd,
A seaman in a savage masquerade;
Such as appears to rise out from the deep
When o'er the line the merry vessels sweep,
And the rough saturnalia of the tar
Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car*;
And pleased the god of ocean sees his name
Revive once more, though but in mimic game
Of his true sons, who riot in the breeze
Undreamt of in his native Cyclades.
Still the old god delights, from out the main,
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient reign.
Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,
His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd dim,
His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,
Like his dear vessel, spoke his former state;

* This rough but jovial ceremony, used in crossing the line, has been so often and so well described, that it need not be more than alluded to.

But then a sort of kerchief round his head,
Not over-tightly bound, nor nicely spread;
And stead of trousers (ah! too early torn!
For even the mildest woods will have their thorn)
A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat
Now served for inexpressibles and hat;
His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,
Perchance might suit alike with either race.
His arms were all his own, our Europe's growth,
Which two world's bless for civilizing both;
The musket swung behind his shoulders broad,
And somewhat stoop'd by his marine abode,
But brawny as the boar's; and hung beneath,
His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a sheath,
Or lost or worn away; his pistols were
Link'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—
(Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,
Though one miss'd fire, the other would go off);
These, with a bayonet, not so free from rust
As when the arm-chest held its brighter trust,
Completed his accoutrements, as Night
Survey'd him in his garb heteroclite.

XXI.

“What cheer, Ben Bunting?” cried (when in full view
Our new acquaintance) Torquil, “Aught of new?”
“Ey, ey!” quoth Ben, “not new, but news enow;
A strange sail in the offing.”—“Sail! and how?
What! could you make her out? It cannot be;
I've seen no rag of canvas on the sea.”

“Belike,” said Ben, “you might not from the bay,
But from the bluff-head, where I watch’d to-day,
I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind
Was light and baffling.”—“When the sun declined
Where lay she? had she anchor’d?”—“No, but still
She bore down on us, till the wind grew still.”

“Her flag?”—“I had no glass; but fore and aft,
Egad! she seem’d a wicked-looking craft.”

“Arm’d?”—“I expect so;—sent on the look-out:
’Tis time, belike, to put our helm about.”

“About?—Whate’er may have us now in chase,
We’ll make no running fight, for that were base;
We will die at our quarters, like true men.”

“Ey, ey! for that ’tis all the same to Ben.”

“Does Christian know this?”—“Ay; he has piped all
hands

To quarters. They are furbishing the stands
Of arms; and we have got some guns to bear,
And scaled them. You are wanted.”—“That’s but fair;
And if it were not, mine is not the soul
To leave my comrades helpless on the shoal.
My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?
But whatsoe’er betide, ah, Neuha! now
Unman me not; the hour will not allow
A tear; I am thine whatever intervenes!”
“Right,” quoth Ben, “that will do for the marines*.”

* “That will do for the marines, but the sailors won’t believe it,” is an old saying; and one of the few fragments of former jealousies which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

CANTO III.

I.

THE fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom,
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours upward driven
Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven:
The rattling roar which rung in every volley
Had left the echoes to their melancholy;
No more they shriek'd their horror, boom for boom;
The strife was done, the vanquish'd had their doom;
The mutineers were crush'd, dispersed, or ta'en,
Or lived to deem the happiest were the slain.
Few, few escaped, and these were hunted o'er
The isle they loved beyond their native shore.
No further home was theirs, it seem'd, on earth,
Once renegades to that which gave them birth;
Track'd like wild beasts, like them they sought the wild,
As to a mother's bosom flies the child;
But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,
And still more vainly men escape from men.

II.

Beneath a rock whose jutting base protrudes
Far over ocean in his fiercest moods,

When scaling his enormous crag the way
Is hurl'd down headlong, like the foremost brave,
And falls back on the foaming crowd behind,
Which fight beneath the banners of the wind,
But now at rest, a little remnant drew
Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;
But still their weapons in their hands, and still
With something of the pride of former will,
As men not all unused to meditate,
And strive much more than wonder at their fate.
Their present lot was what they had foreseen,
And dared as what was likely to have been;
Yet still the lingering hope, which deem'd their lot
Not pardon'd, but unsought for or forgot,
Or trusted that, if sought, their distant caves
Might still be miss'd amidst the world of waves,
Had wean'd their thoughts in part from what they saw
And felt, the vengeance of their country's law.
Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won paradise,
No more could shield their virtue or their vice:
Their better feelings, if such were, were thrown
Back on themselves,—their sins remain'd alone.
Proscribed even in their second country, they
Were lost; in vain the world before them lay;
All outlets seem'd secured. Their new allies
Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;
But what avail'd the club and spear, and arm
Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,
The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd
The warrior ere his strength could be employ'd?

Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave
No less of human bravery than the brave*!
Their own scant numbers acted all the few
Against the many oft will dare and do;
But though the choice seems native to die free,
Even Greece can boast but one Thermopylæ,
Till *now*, when she has forged her broken chain
Back to a sword, and dies and lives again!

III.

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,
Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd;
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,
But still the hunter's blood was on their horn,
A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And straggling into ocean as it might,
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gush'd from cliff to crag with saltless spray;
Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure
And fresh as innocence, and more secure,
Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,
As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
While far below the vast and sullen swell
Of ocean's alpine azure rose and fell.
To this young spring they rush'd,—all feelings first
Absorb'd in passion's and in nature's thirst,—

* Archidamus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the "grave of valour." The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

Drank as they do who drink their last, and threw
 Their arms aside to revel in its dew ;
 Cool'd their scorch'd throats, and wash'd the gory stains
 From wounds whose only bandage might be chains ;
 Then, when their drought was quench'd, look'd sadly
 round,

As wondering how so many still were found
 Alive and fetterless:—but silent all,
 Each sought his fellow's eyes, as if to call
 On him for language which his lips denied,
 As though their voices with their cause had died.

IV.

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
 Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest.
 The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once spread
 Along his cheek was livid now as lead ;
 His light-brown locks, so graceful in their flow,
 Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow.
 Still as a statue, with his lips comprest
 To stifle even the breath within his breast,
 Fast by the rock, all menacing, but mute,
 He stood; and, save a slight beat of his foot,
 Which deepen'd now and then the sandy dint
 Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd to flint.
 Some paces further Torquil lean'd his head
 Against a bank, and spoke not, but he bled,—
 Not mortally—his worst wound was within:
 His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in,
 And blood-drops, sprinkled o'er his yellow hair,
 Show'd that his faintness came not from despair,

But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—
Ben Bunting, who essay'd to wash, and wipe,
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his pipe,
A trophy which survived a hundred fights,
A beacon which had cheer'd ten thousand nights.
The fourth and last of this deserted group
Walk'd up and down—at times would stand, then stoop
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly stop—
Then cast his eyes on his companions—then
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—
And then his former movements would redouble,
With something between carelessness and trouble.
This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes pass'd before the eyes;
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities.

v.

At length Jack Skyscrape, a mercurial man,
Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once than wrestle with despair,
Exclaim'd "G—d damn!"—those syllables intense,—
Nucleus of England's native eloquence,
As the Turk's "Allah!" or the Roman's more
Pagan "Proh Jupiter!" was wont of yore
To give their first impressions such a vent,
By way of echo to embarrassment.

Jack was embarrass'd,—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore:
Nor swore in vain; the long congenial sound
Revived Ben Bunting from his pipe profound;
He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full wise,
But merely added to the oath his *eyes*;
Thus rendering the imperfect phrase complete,
A peroration I need not repeat.

VI.

But Christian, of a higher order, stood
Like an extinct volcano in his mood;
Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
Of passion reeking from his clouded face;
Till lifting up again his sombre eye,
It glanced on Torquil, who lean'd faintly by.
“And is it thus?” he cried, “unhappy boy!
And thee, too, *thee*—my madness must destroy!”
He said, and strode to where young Torquil stood,
Yet dabbled with his lately flowing blood;
Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,
And shrunk as fearful of his own caress;
Inquired into his state; and when he heard
The wound was slighter than he deem'd or fear'd,
A moment's brightness pass'd along his brow,
As much as such a moment would allow.
“Yes,” he exclaim'd, “we are taken in the toil,
But not a coward or a common spoil;
Dearly they have bought us—dearly still may buy,—
And I must fall; but have you strength to fly?”

'Twould be some comfort still, could you survive;
Our dwindled band is now too few to strive.
Oh! for a sole canoe! though but a shell,
To bear you hence to where a hope may dwell!
For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,
In life or death, the fearless and the free."

VII.

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,
Which nodded o'er the billows high and hoary,
A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew
Like to the shadow of a roused sea-mew;
Onward it came—and, lo! a second follow'd—
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale was hollow'd;
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew
Presented well-known aspects to the view,
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,
Buoyant as wings, and flitting through the spray;—
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and now
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam below,
Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on sheet,
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into sleet:
But floating still through surf and swell, drew nigh
The barks, like small birds through a lowering sky.
Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep
The wave of these born playmates of the deep.

VIII.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,

With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd;
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,
As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasp'd;
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
That rock'd her heart till almost HEARD to throb;
And paradise was breathing in the sigh
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy.

IX.

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting
Were not unmoved; who are, when hearts are greeting?
Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy
Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays
In hopeless visions of our better days,
When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.
“And but for me!” he said, and turn'd away;
Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den
A lion looks upon his cubs again;
And then relapsed into his sullen guise,
As heedless of his further destinies.

X.

But brief their time for good or evil thought;
The billows round the promontory brought
The plash of hostile oars.—Alas! who made
That sound a dread? All around them seem'd array'd
Against them, save the bride of Toobonai:
She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay
Of the arm'd boats, which hurried to complete
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,
Beckon'd the natives round her to their prows,
Embark'd their guests, and launch'd their light canoes;
In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;
But she and Torquil must not part again.
She fix'd him in her own.—Away! away!
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,
And towards a group of islets, such as bear
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,
They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.
They gain upon them—now they lose again,—
Again make way and menace o'er the main;
And now the two canoes in chase divide,
And follow different courses o'er the tide,
To baffle the pursuit.—Away! away!
As life is on each paddle's flight to-day,
And more than life or lives to Neuha: Love
Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove—
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—
Yet, yet a moment!—Fly, thou light ark, fly!

CANTO IV.

I.

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.
Her anchor parts; but still her snowy sail
Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

II.

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:
There shrilly to the passing oar is heard
The startled echo of the ocean bird,
Who rears on its bare breast her callow brood,
The feather'd fishers of the solitude.
A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand;

Here the young turtle, crawling from his shell,
Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;
Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,
But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray;
The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er
Gave mariners a shelter and despair;
A spot to make the saved regret the deck
Which late went down, and envy the lost wreck.
Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose
To shield her lover from his following foes;
But all its secret was not told; she knew
In this a treasure hidden from the view.

III.

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,
The men that mann'd what held her Torquil's lot,
By her command removed, to strengthen more
The skiff which wafted Christian from the shore.
This he would have opposed; but with a smile
She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,
And bade him "speed and prosper." *She* would take
The rest upon herself for Torquil's sake.
They parted with this added aid; afar
The proa darted like a shooting star,
And gain'd on the pursuers, who now steer'd
Right on the rock which she and Torquil near'd.
They pull'd; her arm, though delicate, was free
And firm as ever grappled with the sea,
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.
The prow now almost lay within its length

Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,
With nought but soundless waters for its base;
Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?
This Torquil ask'd with half upbraiding eye,
Which said—"Has Neuha brought me here to die?
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the wave?"

IV.

They rested on their paddles, and uprose
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching foes,
Cried, "Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!"
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.
There was no time to pause—the foes were near—
Chains in his eye, and menace in his ear;
With vigour they pull'd on, and as they came,
Hail'd him to yield, and by his forfeit name.
Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's skill
Was native, and now all his hope from ill:
But how, or where? He dived, and rose no more;
The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea and shore.
There was no landing on that precipice,
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.
They watch'd awhile to see him float again,
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:
The wave roll'd on, no ripple on its face,
Since their first plunge recall'd a single trace;
The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,
That whiten'd o'er what seem'd their latest home,

White as a sepulchre above the pair
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)
The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide
Was all that told of Torquil and his bride;
And but for this alone the whole might seem
The vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream.
They paused and search'd in vain, then pull'd away;
Even superstition now forbade their stay.
Some said he had not plunged into the wave,
But vanish'd like a corpse-light from a grave;
Others, that something supernatural
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;
While all agreed that in his cheek and eye
There was a dead hue of eternity.
Still as their oars receded from the crag,
Round every weed a moment would they lag,
Expectant of some token of their prey;
But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

v.

And where was he, the pilgrim of the deep,
Following the nereid? Had they ceased to weep
For ever? or, received in coral caves,
Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?
Did they with ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell,
And sound with mermen the fantastic shell?
Did Neuha with the mermaids comb her hair
Flowing o'er ocean as it stream'd in air?
Or had they perish'd, and in silence slept
Beneath the gulf wherein they boldly leapt?

VI.

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he
Follow'd: her track beneath her native sea
Was as a native's of the element,
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,
Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel.
Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace
The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,
Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease.
Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led
The way—then upward soar'd—and as she spread
Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,
Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.
They had gain'd a central realm of earth again,
But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.
Around she pointed to a spacious cave,
Whose only portal was the keyless wave*,
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,
In some transparent ocean holiday,
When all the finny people are at play,)
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,
And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise;

* Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the ninth chapter of "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut,
And form a something like a Triton's hut;
For all was darkness for a space, till day
Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray;
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle
The dusty monuments from light recoil,
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine.
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

VII.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew
A pine torch, strongly girded with gnato;
A plantain-leaf o'er all, the more to keep
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook
Of the same plantain-leaf a flint she took,
A few shrunk wither'd twigs, and from the blade
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus array'd
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,
And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy;
The arch uprear'd by nature's architect,
The architrave some earthquake might erect;
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurl'd,
When the Poles crash'd, and water was the world;
Or harden'd from some earth-absorbing fire
While yet the globe reek'd from its funeral pyre;
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave*,
Were there, all scoop'd by Darkness from her cave.

* This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled with-

There, with a little tinge of phantasy,
Fantastic faces mop'd and mow'd on high,
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.
Thus Nature play'd with the stalactites,
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

VIII.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,
And led him into each recess, and show'd
The secret places of their new abode.
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared:
The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnattoo,
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread
Born of the fruit; for board the plantain spread
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which bore
A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er;
The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;
A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,
And she herself, as beautiful as night,

out seeing something of the kind—on *land*, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal (if my memory do not err, for there are eight years since I read the book) he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,
And make their subterranean world serene.
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail
Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,
And form'd a refuge of the rocky den
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.
Each dawn had wafted there her light canoe,
Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;
Each eve had seen her gliding through the hour
With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower;
And now she spread her little store with smiles,
The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

IX.

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder, press'd
Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd breast;
And suited to her soft caresses, told
An olden tale of love,—for love is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn
With each new being born or to be born*:
How a young chief, a thousand moons ago,
Diving for turtle in the depths below,
Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,
Into the cave which round and o'er them lay;
How in some desperate feud of after time
He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,

* The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek anthology, or its translation into most of the modern languages:—

“Whoe'er thou art, thy master see
He was, or is, or is to be.”

A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,
Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;
How, when the storm of war was still'd, he led
His island clan to where the waters spread
Their deep-green shadow o'er the rocky door,
Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more:
His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,
Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue shark;
Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,
Then paused upon their paddles from the shock;
When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw
A goddess rise—so deem'd they in their awe;
And their companion, glorious by her side,
Proud and exulting in his mermaid bride;
And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore
With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore;
How they had gladly lived and calmly died,—
And why not also Torquil and his bride?
Not mine to tell the rapturous caress
Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess
This tale; enough that all within that cave
Was love, though buried strong as in the grave
Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,
When Eloisa's form was lower'd beneath
Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretch'd, and press'd
The kindling ashes to his kindled breast*.

* The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years) he opened his arms to receive her.

The waves without sang round their couch, their roar
As much unheeded as if life were o'er;
Within, their hearts made all their harmony,
Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh.

x.

And they, the cause and sharers of the shock
Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,
Where were they? O'er the sea for life they plied,
To seek from Heaven the shelter men denied.
Another course had been their choice—but where?
The wave which bore them still their foes would bear,
Who, disappointed of their former chase,
In search of Christian now renew'd their race.
Eager with anger, their strong arms made way,
Like vultures baffled of their previous prey.
They gain'd upon them, all whose safety lay
In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:
No further chance or choice remain'd; and right
For the first further rock which met their sight
They steer'd, to take their latest view of land,
And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;
Dismiss'd the natives and their shallop, who
Would still have battled for that scanty crew;
But Christian bade them seek their shore again,
Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain;
For what were simple bow and savage spear
Against the arms which must be wielded here?

XI.

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;
Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
Stern and sustain'd, of man's extremity,
When hope is gone, nor glory's self remains
To cheer resistance against death or chains,—
They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood.
But, ah! how different! 'tis the *cause* makes all,
Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.
O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
Blazed through the clouds of death and beckon'd hence;
No grateful country, smiling through her tears,
Begun the praises of a thousand years;
No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
No heroes envy them their monument;
However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.
And this they knew and felt, at least the one,
The leader of the band he had undone;
Who, born perchance for better things, had set
His life upon a cast which linger'd yet:
But now the die was to be thrown, and all
The chances were in favour of his fall:
And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,
Obdurate as a portion of the rock
Whereon he stood, and fix'd his levell'd gun,
Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

XII.

The boat drew nigh, well arm'd, and firm the crew
To act whatever duty bade them do;
Careless of danger, as the onward wind
Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind.
And yet perhaps they rather wish'd to go
Against a nation's than a native foe,
And felt that this poor victim of self-will,
Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.
They hail'd him to surrender—no reply;
Their arms were poised, and glitter'd in the sky.
They hail'd again—no answer; yet once more
They offer'd quarter louder than before.
The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,
Took their last farewell of the dying sound.
Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the volleying flame,
And the smoke rose between them and their aim,
While the rock rattled with the bullets' knell,
Which peal'd in vain, and flatten'd as they fell;
Then flew the only answer to be given
By those who had lost all hope in earth or heaven.
After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd nigher,
They heard the voice of Christian shout, "Now fire!"
And ere the word upon the echo died,
Two fell; the rest assail'd the rock's rough side,
And, furious at the madness of their foes,
Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.
But steep the crag, and all without a path,
Each step opposed a bastion to their wrath;

While, placed midst clefts the least accessible,
Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark full well,
The three maintain'd a strife which must not yield,
In spots where eagles might have chosen to build.
Their every shot told; while the assailant fell,
Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet shell;
But still enough survived, and mounted still,
Scattering their numbers here and there, until
Surrounded and commanded, though not nigh
Enough for seizure, near enough to die,
The desperate trio held aloof their fate
But by a thread, like sharks who have gorged the bait;
Yet to the very last they battled well,
And not a groan inform'd their foes *who* fell.
Christian died last—twice wounded; and once more
Mercy was offer'd when they saw his gore;
Too late for life, but not too late to die,
With, though a hostile hand, to close his eye.
A limb was broken, and he droop'd along
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.
The sound revived him, or appear'd to wake
Some passion which a weakly gesture spake:
He beckon'd to the foremost, who drew nigh,
But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon high—
His last ball had been aim'd, but from his breast
He tore the topmost button from his vest*.

* In Thibault's account of Frederic the Second of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Scweid-

Down the tube dash'd it, levell'd, fired, and smiled
As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd
His wounded, weary form, to where the steep
Look'd desperate as himself along the deep;
Cast one glance back, and clench'd his hand, and shook
His last rage 'gainst the earth which he forsook;
Then plunged: the rock below received like glass
His body crush'd into one gory mass,
With scarce a shred to tell of human form,
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm;
A fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd with blood and weeds,
Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and deeds;
Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,
As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)
Yet glitter'd, but at distance—hurl'd away
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.
The rest was nothing—save a life mispent,
And soul—but who shall answer where it went?
'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they
Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,
Unless these bullies of eternal pains
Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their worse brains.

nitz; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *king* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.—See Thibault's Work, vol. 2d.—[I quote from memory.]

XVI.

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,
The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.
Chain'd on the deck, where once, a gallant crew,
They stood with honour, were the wretched few
Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;
But the last rock left no surviving spoil.
Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,
While o'er them flapp'd the sea-birds' dewy wing,
Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,
And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge:
But calm and careless heaved the wave below,
Eternal with unsympathetic flow;
Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,
And sprung the flying fish against the sun,
Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,
To gather moisture for another flight.

XIV.

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of day
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,
And watch if aught approach'd the amphibious lair
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:
It flapp'd, it fill'd, and to the growing gale
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,
While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie:
But no! it came not; fast and far away
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.

She gazed and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.
On the horizon verged the distant deck,
Diminish'd, dwindled to a very speck—
Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was joy!
Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her boy;
Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all
That happy love could augur or recall;
Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free
His bounding nereid over the broad sea;
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft
Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left
Drifting along the tide, without an oar,
That eve the strangers chased them from the shore;
But when these vanish'd, she pursued her prow,
Regain'd, and urged to where they found it now:
Nor ever did more love and joy embark,
Than now was wafted in that slender ark.

xv.

Again their own shore rises on the view,
No more polluted with a hostile hue;
No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
A floating dungeon:—all was hope and home!
A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
The chiefs came down, around the people pour'd,
And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;
The women throng'd, embracing and embraced
By Neuha, asking where they had been chased,

And how escaped? The tale was told; and then
One acclamation rent the sky again;
And from that hour a new tradition gave
Their sanctuary the name of "Neuha's Cave."
A hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
The feast in honour of the guest, return'd
To peace and pleasure, perilously earn'd;
A night succeeded by such happy days
As only the yet infant world displays.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM THE VOYAGE BY CAPTAIN BLIGH.

On the 27th of December it blew a severe storm of wind from the eastward, in the course of which we suffered greatly. One sea broke away the spare yards and spars out of the starboard mainchains; another broke into the ship and stove all the boats. Several casks of beer that had been lashed on deck broke loose, and were washed overboard; and it was not without great risk and difficulty that we were able to secure the boats from being washed away entirely. A great quantity of our bread was also damaged and rendered useless, for the sea had stove in our stern, and filled the cabin with water.

On the 5th of January, 1788, we saw the island of Teneriffe about twelve leagues distant; and next day, being Sunday, came to an anchor in the road of Santa Cruz. There we took in the necessary supplies, and, having finished our business, sailed on the 10th.

I now divided the people into three watches, and gave the charge of the third watch to Mr. Fletcher Christian, one of the mates. I have always considered this a desirable regulation when circumstances will admit of it; and I am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of the ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency.

As I wished to proceed to Otaheite without stopping, I reduced the allowance of bread to two-thirds, and caused the water for drinking to be filtered through drip-stones, bought at Teneriffe for that purpose. I now acquainted the ship's company of the object of the voyage, and gave assurances of certain promotion to every one whose endeavours should merit it.

On Tuesday the 26th of February, being in south latitude 29° 38', and 44° 44' west longitude, we bent new sails, and

made other necessary preparations for encountering the weather that was to be expected in a high latitude. Our distance from the coast of Brazil was about one hundred leagues.

On the forenoon of Sunday the 2d of March, after seeing that every person was clean, divine service was performed, according to my usual custom on this day. I gave to Mr. Fletcher Christian, whom I had before directed to take charge of the third watch, a written order to act as lieutenant.

The change of temperature soon began to be sensibly felt, and that the people might not suffer from their own negligence, I supplied them with thicker clothing, as better suited to the climate. A great number of whales of an immense size, with two spout-holes on the back of the head, were seen on the 11th.

On a complaint made to me by the master, I found it necessary to punish Matthew Quintal, one of the seamen, with two dozen of lashes, for insolence and mutinous behaviour, which was the first time that there was any occasion for punishment on board.

We were off Cape St. Diego, the eastern part of the Terra del Fuego, and, the wind being unfavourable, I thought it more advisable to go round to the eastward of Staten-land than to attempt passing through Straits le Maire. We passed New Year's Harbour and Cape St. Johu, and on Monday the 31st were in latitude $60^{\circ} 1'$ south. But the wind became variable, and we had bad weather.

Storms, attended with a great sea, prevailed until the 12th of April. The ship began to leak, and required pumping every hour, which was no more than we had reason to expect from such a continuance of gales of wind and high seas. The decks also became so leaky, that it was necessary to allot the great cabin, of which I made little use except in fine weather, to those people who had not births to hang their hammocks in, and by this means the space between decks was less crowded.

With all this bad weather, we had the additional mortification to find, at the end of every day, that we were losing ground; for, notwithstanding our utmost exertions, and keeping on the most advantageous tracks, we did little bet-

ter than drift before the wind. On Tuesday the 22d of April, we had eight down on the sick list, and the rest of the people, though in good health, were greatly fatigued; but I saw, with much concern, that it was impossible to make a passage this way to the Society Islands, for we had now been thirty days in a tempestuous ocean. Thus the season was too far advanced for us to expect better weather to enable us to double Cape Horn; and, from these and other considerations, I ordered the helm to be put a-weather, and bore away for the Cape of Good Hope, to the great joy of every one on board.

We came to an anchor on Friday the 23d of May in Simon's Bay, at the Cape, after a tolerable run. The ship required complete calking, for she had become so leaky, that we were obliged to pump hourly in our passage from Cape Horn. The sails and rigging also required repair; and on examining the provisions, a considerable quantity was found damaged.

Having remained thirty-eight days in this place, and my people having received all the advantage that could be derived from refreshments of every kind that could be met with, we sailed on the 1st of July.

A gale of wind blew on the 20th, with a high sea: it increased after noon with such violence, that the ship was driven almost fore-castle under before we could get the sails clewed up. The lower yards were lowered, and the top-gallant-mast got down upon deck, which relieved her much. We lay to all night, and in the morning bore away under a reefed foresail. The sea still running high, in the afternoon it became very unsafe to stand on; we therefore lay to all night, without any accident, excepting that a man at the steerage was thrown over the wheel and much bruised. Towards noon the violence of the storm abated, and we again bore away under the reefed foresail.

In a few days we passed the Island of St. Paul, where there is good fresh water, as I was informed by a Dutch captain, and also a hot spring, which boils fish as completely as if done by a fire. Approaching to Van Dieman's land, we had much bad weather, with snow and hail; but nothing was seen to indicate our vicinity on the 13th of August, except

a seal, which appeared at the distance of twenty leagues from it. We anchored in Adventure Bay on Wednesday the 20th.

In our passage hither from the Cape of Good Hope, the winds were chiefly from the westward, with very boisterous weather. The approach of strong southerly winds is announced by many birds of the albatross or peterel tribe; and the abatement of the gale, or a shift of wind to the northward, by their keeping away. The thermometer also varies five or six degrees in its height when a change of these winds may be expected.

In the land surrounding Adventure Bay are many forest trees one hundred and fifty feet high: we saw one which measured above thirty-three feet in girth. We observed several eagles, some beautiful blue-plumaged herons, and parroquets in great variety.

The natives not appearing, we went in search of them towards Cape Frederic Henry. Soon after, coming to a grapnel close to the shore, for it was impossible to land, we heard their voices, like the cackling of geese, and twenty persons came out of the woods. We threw trinkets ashore tied up in parcels, which they would not open until I made an appearance of leaving them: they then did so, and, taking the articles out, put them on their heads. On first coming in sight they made a prodigious clattering in their speech, and held their arms over their heads. They spoke so quick, that it was impossible to catch one single word they uttered. Their colour is of a dull black; their skin scarified about the breast and shoulders. One was distinguished by his body being coloured with red ochre, but all the others were painted black, with a kind of soot, so thickly laid over their faces and shoulders, that it was difficult to ascertain what they were like.

On Thursday, the 4th of September, we sailed out of Adventure Bay, steering first towards east-south-east, and then to the northward of east, when, on the 19th, we came in sight of a cluster of small rocky islands, which I named Bounty Isles. Soon afterwards we frequently observed the sea, in the night-time, to be covered by luminous spots, caused by

amazing quantities of small blubbers, or medusæ, which emit a light like a blaze of a candle from the strings or filaments extending from them, while the rest of the body continues perfectly dark.

We discovered the island of Otaheite on the 25th, and, before casting anchor next morning in Matavai Bay, such numbers of canoes had come off, that, after the natives ascertained we were friends, they came on board, and crowded the deck so much, that in ten minutes I could scarce find my own people. The whole distance which the ship had run, in direct and contrary courses, from the time of leaving England until reaching Otaheite, was twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six miles, which, on an average, was one hundred and eight miles each twenty-four hours.

Here we lost our surgeon on the 9th of December. Of late he had scarcely ever stirred out of the cabin, though not apprehended to be in a dangerous state. Nevertheless, appearing worse than usual in the evening, he was removed where he could obtain more air, but without any benefit, for he died in an hour afterwards. This unfortunate man drank very hard, and was so averse to exercise, that he would never be prevailed on to take half a dozen turns on deck at a time during all the course of the voyage. He was buried on shore.

On Monday, the 5th of January, the small cutter was missed, of which I was immediately apprised. The ship's company being mustered, we found three men absent, who had carried it off. They had taken with them eight stand of arms and ammunition; but with regard to their plan, every one on board seemed to be quite ignorant. I therefore went on shore, and engaged all the chiefs to assist in recovering both the boat and the deserters. Accordingly, the former was brought back in the course of the day by five of the natives; but the men were not taken until nearly three weeks afterwards. Learning the place where they were, in a different quarter of the island of Otaheite, I went thither in the cutter, thinking there would be no great difficulty in securing them with the assistance of the natives. However, they heard of my arrival; and when I was near a house in

which they were, they came out without their fire-arms, and delivered themselves up. Some of the chiefs had formerly seized and bound these deserters; but had been prevailed on, by fair promises of returning peaceably to the ship, to release them. But finding an opportunity again to get possession of their arms, they set the natives at defiance.

The object of the voyage being now completed, all the bread-fruit plants, to the number of one thousand and fifteen, were got on board on Tuesday the 31st of March. Besides these, we had collected many other plants, some of them bearing the finest fruits in the world; and valuable, from affording brilliant dyes, and for various properties besides. At sunset of the 4th of April, we made sail from Otaheite, bidding farewell to an island where for twenty-three weeks we had been treated with the utmost affection and regard, and which seemed to increase in proportion to our stay. That we were not insensible to their kindness, the succeeding circumstances sufficiently proved; for to the friendly and endearing behaviour of these people may be ascribed the motives inciting an event that effected the ruin of our expedition, which there was every reason to believe would have been attended with the most favourable issue.

Next morning we got sight of the island Huaheine; and a double canoe soon coming alongside, containing ten natives, I saw among them a young man who recollected me, and called me by my name. I had been here in the year 1780, with Captain Cook, in the Resolution. A few days after sailing from this island, the weather became squally, and a thick body of black clouds collected in the east. A waterspout was in a short time seen at no great distance from us, which appeared to great advantage from the darkness of the clouds behind it. As nearly as I could judge, the upper part was about two feet in diameter, and the lower about eight inches. Scarcely had I made these remarks, when I observed that it was rapidly advancing towards the ship. We immediately altered our course, and took in all the sails except the foresail; soon after which it passed within ten yards of the stern, with a rustling noise, but without our feeling the least effect from it being so near. It seemed to be travelling

at the rate of about ten miles an hour, in the direction of the wind, and it dispersed in a quarter of an hour after passing us. It is impossible to say what injury we should have received had it passed directly over us. Masts, I imagine, might have been carried away, but I do not apprehend that it would have endangered the loss of the ship.

Passing several islands on the way, we anchored at Annamooka on the 23d of April; and an old lame man called Tapa, whom I had known here in 1777, and immediately recollected, came on board, along with others, from different islands in the vicinity. They were desirous to see the ship, and on being taken below, where the bread-fruit plants were arranged, they testified great surprise. A few of these being decayed, we went on shore to procure some in their place.

The natives exhibited numerous marks of the peculiar mourning which they express on losing their relatives; such as bloody temples, their heads being deprived of most of the hair; and what was worse, almost the whole of them had lost some of their fingers. Several fine boys, not above six years old, had lost both their little fingers; and several of the men, besides these, had parted with the middle finger of the right hand.

The chiefs went off with me to dinner, and we carried on a brisk trade for yams: we also got plantains and bread-fruit. But the yams were in great abundance, and very fine and large. One of them weighed above forty-five pounds. Sailing canoes came, some of which contained not less than ninety passengers. Such a number of them gradually arrived from different islands, that it was impossible to get any thing done, the multitude became so great, and there was no chief of sufficient authority to command the whole. I therefore ordered a watering party, then employed, to come on board, and sailed on Sunday the 26th of April.

We kept near the island of Kotoo all the afternoon of Monday, in hopes that some canoes would come off to the ship, but in this we were disappointed. The wind being northerly, we steered to the westward in the evening, to pass south of Tofoa; and I gave directions for this course to be continued during the night. The master had the first watch,

the gunner the middle watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

Hitherto the voyage had advanced in a course of uninterrupted prosperity, and had been attended with circumstances equally pleasing and satisfactory. But a very different scene was now to be disclosed: a conspiracy had been formed, which was to render all our past labour productive only of misery and distress; and it had been concerted with so much secrecy and circumspection, that no one circumstance escaped to betray the impending calamity.

On the night of Monday, the watch was set as I have described. Just before sunrise on Tuesday morning, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I nevertheless called out as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but the officers not of their party were already secured by sentinels at their doors. At my own cabin door were three men, besides the four within: all except Christian had muskets and bayonets; he had only a cutlass. I was dragged out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain in the mean time from the tightness with which my hands were tied. On demanding the reason of such violence, the only answer was abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, surgeon, master's mate, and Nelson the gardener, were kept confined below, and the fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also the clerk, were allowed to come on deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was then ordered to hoist out the launch, accompanied by a threat, if he did not do it instantly, TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

The boat being hoisted out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, the clerk, were ordered into it. I demanded the intention of giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect;

for the constant answer was, "Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this moment."

The master had by this time sent, requesting that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin. My exertions to turn the tide of affairs were continued; when Christian, changing the cutlass he held for a bayonet, and holding me by the cord about my hands with a strong gripe, threatened me with immediate death if I would not be quiet; and the villains around me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed.

Certain individuals were called on to get into the boat, and were hurried over the ship's side; whence I concluded that along with them I was to be set adrift. Another effort to bring about a change produced nothing but menaces of having my brains blown out.

The boatswain and those seamen who were to be put into the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got 150 pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine; also a quadrant and compass; but he was prohibited, on pain of death, to touch any map or astronomical book, and any instrument, or any of my surveys and drawings.

The mutineers having thus forced those of the seamen whom they wished to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to recover the ship. The officers were next called on deck, and forced over the ship's side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one abaft the mizen-mast. Christian, armed with a bayonet, held the cord fastening my hands, and the guard around me stood with their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them. Isaac Martin, one of them, I saw had an inclination to assist me; and as he fed me with shaddock, my lips being quite parched, we explained each other's sentiments by looks. But this was observed, and he was removed. He then got into the boat, attempting to leave the ship; however, he

was compelled to return. Some others were also kept contrary to their inclination.

It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates. At length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, though not without opposition, to take his tool-chest.

Mr. Samuel secured my journals and commission, with some important ship papers: this he did with great resolution, though strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were very numerous, when he was hurried away with—"Damn your eyes, you are well off to get what you have."

Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the transaction of this whole affair. Some swore, "I'll be damned if he does not find his way home, if he gets any thing with him," meaning me; and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, "Damn my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month;" while others ridiculed the helpless situation of the boat, which was very deep in the water, and had so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

I asked for arms, but the mutineers laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going: four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian, who then said, "Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;" and without further ceremony I was forced over the side by a tribe of armed ruffians, where they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, also the four cutlasses. The armourer and carpenter then called

out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having been kept some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, and having undergone much ridicule, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

Eighteen persons were with me in the boat,—the master, acting surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, carpenter, master, and quarter-master's mate, two quarter-masters, the sail maker, two cooks, my clerk, the butcher, and a boy. There remained on board Fletcher Christian, the master's mate; Peter Haywood, Edward Young, George Stewart, midshipmen; the master-at-arms, gunner's mate, boatswain's mate, gardener, armourer, carpenter's mate, carpenter's crew, and fourteen seamen, being altogether the most able men of the ship's company.

Having little or no wind, we rowed pretty fast towards the island of Tofoa, which bore north-east about ten leagues distant. The ship while in sight steered west-north-west; but this I considered only as a feint, for when we were sent away, "Huzza for Otaheite!" was frequently heard among the mutineers.

Christian, the chief of them, was of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me. Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some remorse in him. While they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him whether this was a proper return for the many instances he had experienced of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at the question, and answered with much emotion, "That—Captain Bligh—that is the thing—I am in hell—I am in hell!" His abilities to take charge of the third watch, as I had so divided the ship's company, were fully equal to the task.

Haywood was also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities, as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained hopes that, as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country. Young was

well recommended, and Stewart of creditable parents in the Orkneys, at which place, on the return of the *Resolution* from the South Seas in 1780, we received so many civilities, that in consideration of these alone I should gladly have taken him with me. But he had always borne a good character.

When I had time to reflect, an inward satisfaction prevented the depression of my spirits. Yet, a few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering; I had a ship in the most perfect order, stored with every necessary, both for health and service; the object of the voyage was attained, and two-thirds of it now completed. The remaining part had every prospect of success.

It will naturally be asked, what could be the cause of such a revolt? In answer, I can only conjecture that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hope of a happier life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; which, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction.

The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other concomitant circumstances, it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away, where they had the power of fixing themselves in the midst of plenty, in one of the finest islands in the world, where there was no necessity to labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it. The utmost, however, that a commander could have expected was desertions, such as have already happened more or less in the South Seas, and not an act of open mutiny.

But the secrecy of this mutiny surpasses belief. Thirteen of the party who were now with me had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the mess-

mates of Christian, Stewart, Haywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance to excite suspicion of what was plotting; and it is not wonderful if I felt a sacrifice to it, my mind being entirely free from suspicion. Perhaps, had marines been on board, a sentinel at my cabin-door might have prevented it; for I constantly slept with the door open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions. If the mutiny had been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but it was far otherwise. With Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms; that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me on pretence of indisposition, for which I felt concerned, having no suspicions of his honour or integrity.

The first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

P O E M S

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P O E M S.

THE BLUES*,

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

“Nimium nè crede colori.”—*Virgil.*

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red* as your *stockings* are *blue*.

ECLOGUE FIRST.

London—Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACY, meeting INKEL.

Ink. YOU'RE too late.

Tra. Is it over?

Ink. Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are cramm'd, like a garden in flower,
With the pride of our belles, who have made it the
fashion;

So instead of “beaux arts,” we may say “la *belle* passion”

* From the “*Liberal*,” No. III.—ED.

For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.

Tra. I know it too well, and have worn out my
patience

With studying to study your new publications.

There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords
and Co.

With their damnable—

Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know
Whom you speak to?

Tra. Right well, boy, and so does "the Row:"
You're an author—a poet—

Ink. And think you that I
Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
The Muses?

Tra. Excuse me; I meant no offence
To the Nine; though the number who make some
pretence

To their favours is such—but the subject to drop,
I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop

(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy

On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
As one finds every author in one of those places)

Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,
So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!

Where your friend—you know who—has jost got such
a threshing,

That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refreshing.*"
What a beautiful word!

Ink. Very true; 'tis so soft
 And so cooling—they use it a little too oft;
 And the papers have got it at last—but no matter.
 So they've cut up our friend then?

Tra. Not left him a tatter—
 Not a rag of his present or past reputation,
 Which they call a disgrace to the age and the nation.

Ink. I'm sorry to hear this; for friendship, you
 know—
 Our poor friend!—but I thought it would terminate so.
 Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing to shock it.
 You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

Tra. No; I left a round dozen of authors and others
 (Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)
 All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,
 And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

Ink. Let us join them.

Tra. What, won't you return to the lecture?

Ink. Why, the place is so cramm'd, there's not room
 for a spectre.

Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd—

Tra. How can you know that till you hear him?

Ink. I heard

Quite enough; and to tell you the truth, my retreat
 Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.

Tra. I have had no great loss then?

Ink. Loss!—such a palaver!

I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver
 Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours
 To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,

Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged with such labour,
That—come—do not make me speak ill of one's neighbour.

Tra. I make you!

Ink. Yes, you! I said nothing until
You compell'd me, by speaking the truth—

Tra. *To speak ill?*
Is that your deduction?

Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,
I certainly *follow, not set* an example.

The fellow's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

Tra. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool
makes many.

But we two will be wise.

Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.

Tra. I would, but—

Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jews'-harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call *you* to this hotbed.

Tra. I own it—'tis true—
A fair lady—

Ink. A spinster?

Tra. Miss Lilac!

Ink. The Blue!

The heiress?

Tra. The angel!

Ink. The devil! why, man!

Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.

You wed with Miss Lilac! 'twould be your perdition:
She's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.

Tra. I say she's an angel.

Ink. Say rather an *angle*.

If you and she marry, you'll certainly wrangle.

I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.

Tra. And is that any cause for not coming together?

Ink. Humph! I can't say I know any happy alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with science.
She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning,
That——

Tra. What?

Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue;
But there's five hundred people can tell you you're
wrong.

Tra. You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as a Jew.

Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?

Tra. Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you—something
of both.

The girl's a fine girl.

Ink. And you feel nothing loth
To her good lady-mother's reversion; and yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.

Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes; I demand
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and hand.

Ink. Why, that heart's in the inkstand—that hand
on the pen.

Tra. Apropos—Will you write me a song now and
then?

Ink. To what purpose?

Tra. You know, my dear friend, that in prose
My talent is decent, as far as it goes;
But in rhyme——

Ink. You're a terrible stick, to be sure.

Tra. I own it; and yet, in these times, there's no lure
For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two;
And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?

Ink. In your name?

Tra. In my name. I will copy them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.

Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?

Tra. Why,
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stockings' eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme
What I've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?

Ink. As sublime! If it be so, no need of my Muse.

Tra. But consider, dear Ink, she's one of the
"Blues."

Ink. As sublime!—Mr. Tracy—I've nothing to say.
Stick to prose—As sublime!!—but I wish you good day.

Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider—I'm
wrong;

I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.

Ink. As sublime!!

Tra. I but used the expression in haste.

Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd
bad taste.

Tra. I own it—I know it—acknowledge it—what
Can I say to you more?

Ink. I see what you 'd be at:
 You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,
 Till you think you can turn them best to your own use.

Tra. And is that not a sign I respect them?

Ink. Why that
 To be sure makes a difference.

Tra. I know what is what:
 And you, who're a man of the gay world, no less
 Than a poet of t'other, may easily guess
 That I never could mean, by a word, to offend
 A genius like you, and moreover my friend.

Ink. No doubt; you by this time should know what
 is due
 To a man of—but come—let us shake hands.

Tra. You knew,
 And you *know*, my dear fellow, how heartily I,
 Whatever you publish, am ready to buy.

Ink. That's my bookseller's business; I care not for
 sale;
 Indeed the best poems at first rather fail.
 There were Renegade's epics, and Botherby's plays,
 And my own grand romance—

Tra. Had its full share of praise.
 I myself saw it puff'd in the "Old Girl's Review."

Ink. What Review?

Tra. 'Tis the English "Journal de Trevoux;"
 A clerical work of our jesuits at home.
 Have you never yet seen it?

Ink. That pleasure's to come.

Tra. Make haste then.

Ink. Why so?

Tra. I have heard people say
That it threaten'd to give up the *ghost* t'other day.

Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.

Tra. No doubt.
Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?

Ink. I've a card, and shall go; but at present, as soon
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from the
moon

(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:
'Tis a sort of re-union for Scamp, on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise.
And I own, for my own part, that 'tis not unpleasant.
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.

Tra. That "metal's attractive."

Ink. No doubt—to the pocket.

Tra. You should rather encourage my passion than
shock it.

But let us proceed; for I think, by the hum——

Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,
Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levy,
On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.
Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone
Of old Botherby's spouting, ex-cathedrâ tone.

Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join
Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.

Tra. All fair; 'tis but lecture for lecture.

Ink. That's clear.
 But for God's sake let's go, or the bore will be here.
 Come, come: nay, I'm off. [*Exit* INKEL.]

Tra. You are right, and I'll follow;
 'Tis high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*"
 And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
 Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,
 All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles
 With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.
 [*Exit* TRACY.]

ECLOGUE SECOND.

*An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE.—
 A Table prepared.*

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE *solus.*

WAS there ever a man who was married so sorry?
 Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.
 My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;
 My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,
 Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd:
 The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,
 Is there one which I dare call my own any more?
 What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,
 What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and
 shining,

In science and art, I'll be curst if I know
 Myself from my wife; for although we are two,
 Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done
 In a style which proclaims us eternally one.
 But the thing of all things which distresses me more
 Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)
 Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
 Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,
 Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost
 —For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—
 No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,
 But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;
 A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,
 By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call "Blues;"
 A rabble who know not——But soft, here they come!
 Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

Enter LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY BLUE-
 MOUNT, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY, MISS MA-
 ZARINE, and others, with SCAMP the Lecturer, &c. &c.

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning; I've
 brought you some friends.

Sir Rich. (*bows, and afterwards aside.*) If friends,
 they're the first.

Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends.

I pray ye be seated, "*sans ceremonie.*"

Mr. Scamp, you're fatigued; take your chair there,
 next me. [*They all sit.*]

Sir Rich. (*aside.*) If he does, his fatigue is to come.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Tracy—
Lady Bluemount—Miss Lilac—be pleased, pray, to
place ye;

And you, Mr. Botherby—

Both. Oh, my dear Lady,
I obey.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye:
You were not at the lecture.

Ink. Excuse me, I was;
But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!
And when——

Lady Blueb. To be sure it was broiling; but then
You have lost such a lecture!

Both. The best of the ten.

Tra. How can you know that? there are two more.

Both. Because
I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.
The very walls shook.

Ink. Oh, if that be the test,
I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.
Miss Lilac, permit me to help you;—a wing?

Miss Lil. No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures
next spring?

Both. Dick Dunder.

Ink. That is, if he lives.

Miss Lil. And why not?

Ink. No reason whatever, save that he's a sot.

Lady Bluemount! a glass of Madeira?

Lady Bluem. With pleasure.

Ink. How does your friend Wordswords, that Win-
dermere treasure?

Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,
And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings?

Lady Blueb. He has just got a place.

Ink.

As a footman?

Lady Bluem.

For shame!

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master;
For the poet of pedlers 'twere, sure, no disaster
To wear a new livery; the more, as 'tis not
The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.

Lady Bluem. For shame! I repeat. If Sir George
could but hear——

Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel; we all
know, my dear,

'Tis his way.

Sir Rich. But this place——

Ink.

Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,

A lecturer's.

Lady Blueb. Excuse me—'tis one in "the Stamps:"
He is made a collector.

Tra.

Collector!

Sir Rich.

How?

Miss Lil. -

What?

Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat:
There his works will appear——

Lady Bluem.

Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

Ink. I shan't go so far—I can have them at Grange's*.

Lady Blueb. Oh fie!

Miss Lil.

And for shame!

* Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Lady Bluem. You're too bad.

Both. Very good!

Lady Bluem. How good?

Lady Blueb. He means nought—'tis his phrase.

Lady Bluem. He grows rude.

Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.

Lady Bluem. Pray, sir! did you mean

What you say?

Ink. Never mind if he did; 'twill be seen
That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.

Both. Sir!

Ink. Pray be content with your portion of praise;
'Twas in your defence.

Both. If you please, with submission,
I can make out my own.

Ink. It would be your perdition.
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.
Apropos—Is your play then accepted at last?

Both. At last?

Ink. Why I thought—that's to say—there had past
A few green-room whispers, which hinted—you know
That the taste of the actors at best is so so.

Both. Sir, the green-room's in rapture, and so's the
committee.

Ink. Ay—yours are the plays for exciting our "pity
And fear," as the Greek says: for "purging the mind,"
I doubt if you'll leave us an equal behind.

Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to
have pray'd
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play's to be
play'd.

Is it cast yet?

Both. The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

Lady Blueb. We'll all make a party, and go the
first night.

Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.

Ink. Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
I'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

Tra. Why so?

Ink. To do justice to what goes before.

Both. Sir, I'm happy to say, I've no fears on that
score.

Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are——

Ink. Never mind *mine*;

Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own line.

Lady Bluem. You're a fugitive writer, I think, sir,
of rhymes?

Ink. Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.

Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common; but
time and posterity

Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.

Ink. I've no sort of objection,
So I'm not of the party to take the infection.

Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they ever
will take?

Ink. Not at all; on the contrary, those of the lake
Have taken already, and still will continue
To take—what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place;—but the subject's a bore.

Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time's coming.

Ink. Scamp! don't you feel sore?

What say you to this?

Scamp. They have merit, I own;

Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your lectures?

Scamp. It is only time past which comes under my
strictures.

Lady Blueb. Come, a truce with all tartness:—the
joy of my heart

Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.

Wild Nature!—Grand Shakspeare!

Both. And down Aristotle!

Lady Bluem. Sir George thinks exactly with Lady
Bluebottle;

And my Lord Seventy-four, who protects our dear Bard,

And who gave him his place, has the greatest regard

For the poet, who, singing of pedlers and asses,

Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus.

Tra. And you, Scamp!—

Scamp. I needs must confess I'm embarrass'd.

Ink. Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harass'd
With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and
all *schools*.

Tra. Well, one thing is certain, that *some* must be
fools.

I should like to know who.

Ink. And I should not be sorry
To know who are *not*:—it would save us some worry.

Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing
control

This “feast of our reason, and flow of the soul.”

Oh, my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise!—I

Now feel such a rapture, I’m ready to fly,

I feel so elastic—“*so buoyant—so buoyant**!”

Ink. Tracy! open the window.

Tra. I wish her much joy on’t.

Both. For God’s sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check not
This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot

Upon earth. Give it way; ’tis an impulse which lifts

Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;

For which poor Prometheus was chain’d to his moun-
tain.

’Tis the source of all sentiment—feeling’s true fountain:

’Tis the Vision of Heaven upon Earth: ’tis the gas

Of the soul: ’tis the seizing of shades as they pass,

And making them substance: ’tis something divine:—

Ink. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine?

Both. I thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.

Ink. Apropos—Do you dine with Sir Humphrey
to-day?

Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphrey was more
in your way.

Ink. It might be of yore; but we authors now look
To the knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.
The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,

* Fact from life, with the *words*.

And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.
But 'tis now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

Tra. And I'll take a turn with you there till 'tis dark.
And you, Scamp—

Scamp. Excuse me; I must to my notes,
For my lecture next week.

Ink. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up;
But remember Miss Diddle invites us to sup.

Ink. Then at two hours past midnight we all meet
again,

For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champaigne!

Tra. And the sweet lobster salad!

Both. I honour that meal;
For 'tis then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.

Ink. True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question:
I wish to the gods 'twas the same with digestion!

Lady Blueb. Pshaw!—never mind that; for one mo-
ment of feeling
Is worth—God knows what.

Ink. 'Tis at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows—But here comes your
carriage.

Sir Rich. (aside.) I wish all these people were d—d
with *my* marriage! [Exit.

FRAGMENT.

1.

HILLS of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

2.

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek to sects unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.
Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?
Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?
Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—

I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:—
Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.
To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!
But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

29th Dec. 1806.

FRAGMENT.

When Lord Byron first went to Newstead on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea that as *it* flourished, so should *he*. Some six or seven years after, on revisiting the spot, he found his oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed. The following opening lines are given by Mr. Moore as a specimen of the poem he wrote on the occasion.—ED.

YOUNG Oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride;
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds, that surround thee, can
hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire, &c. &c.

ON REVISITING HARROW.

Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it the following stanzas.

1.

HERE once engaged the stranger's view
Young Friendship's record simply traced;
Few were her words,—but yet though few,
Resentment's hand the line defaced.

2.

Deeply she cut—but, not erased,
The characters were still so plain,
That Friendship once return'd, and gazed,—
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

3.

Repentance placed them as before;
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,
That Friendship thought it still the same.

4.

Thus might the Record now have been;
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd between,
And blotted out the line for ever!

L'AMITIE EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES.

1.

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
 Because my youth is fled?
 Days of delight may still be mine;
 Affection is not dead.
 In tracing back the years of youth,
 One firm record, one lasting truth
 Celestial consolation brings;
 Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
 Where first my heart responsive beat,—
 “Friendship is Love without his wings!”

2.

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
 What moments have been mine!
 Now, half obscured by clouds of tears,
 Now, bright in rays divine;
 How'er my future doom be cast,
 My soul, enraptured with the past,
 To one idea fondly clings;
 Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
 Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone,
 “Friendship is Love without his wings!”

3.

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
 Their branches on the gale,
 Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
 Which tells the common tale;
 Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
 Till the dull knell of childish play
 From yonder studious mansion rings;
 But here when'er my footsteps move,
 My silent tears too plainly prove
 "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

4.

Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine
 My early vows were paid;
 My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
 But these are now decay'd;
 For thine are pinions like the wind,
 No trace of thee remains behind,
 Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
 Away, away! delusive power,
 Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
 "Unless, indeed, without thy wings."

5.

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
 Recalls each scene of joy;
 My bosom glows with former fire,—
 In mind again a boy.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
 Thy every path delights me still,
 Each flower a double fragrance flings;
 Again, as once, in converse gay,
 Each dear associate seems to say
 “Friendship is Love without his wings!”

6.

My Lycus! wherefore dost thou weep?
 Thy falling tears restrain;
 Affection for a time may sleep,
 But, oh, 'twill wake again.
 Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
 Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
 From this my hope of rapture springs;
 While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
 Absence, my friend, can only tell,
 “Friendship is Love without his wings!”

7.

In one, and one alone deceived,
 Did I my error mourn?
 No—from oppressive bonds relieved,
 I left the wretch to scorn.
 I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
 With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
 Twined with my heart's according strings;
 And till those vital chords shall break,
 For none but these my breast shall wake,
 “Friendship, the power deprived of wings!”

8.

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfetter'd in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings.
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

9.

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward,
To me no bays belong;
If laurel'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings:
Simple and young, I dare not feign,
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"
December, 1806.

TO MY SON *.

1.

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play
And smile to steal the heart away,
Recall a scene of former joy,
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

2.

And thou canst lisp a father's name—
Ah, William, were thine own the same,

* This poem is from Moore's Life, and the biographer says, in a note, "The only circumstance I know, that bears even remotely on the subject of this poem, is the following. About a year or two before the date affixed to it, he wrote to his mother, from Harrow (as I have been told by a person, to whom Mrs. Byron herself communicated the circumstance), to say, that he had lately had a good deal of uneasiness on account of a young woman, whom he knew to have been a favourite of his late friend, Curzon, and who, finding herself after his death in a state of progress towards maternity, had declared Lord Byron was the father of her child. This, he positively assured his mother, was not the case; but, believing, as he did firmly, that the child belonged to Curzon, it was his wish that it should be brought up with all possible care, and he therefore entreated that his mother would have the kindness to take charge of it. Though such a request might well (as my informant expresses it) have discomposed a temper more mild than Mrs. Byron's, she notwithstanding answered her son in the kindest terms, saying that she would willingly receive the child as soon as it was born, and bring it up in whatever manner he desired. Happily, however, the infant died almost immediately, and was thus spared the being a tax on the good-nature of any body."

No self-reproach—but, let me cease—
My care for thee shall purchase peace;
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

3.

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,
And thou hast known a stranger's breast.
Derision sneers upon thy birth,
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

4.

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,
Must I fond Nature's claim disown?
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,
I hail thee, dearest child of love,
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

5.

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace,
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,
Ere half my glass of life is run,
At once a brother and a son;
And all my wane of years employ
In justice done to thee, my Boy!

6.

Although so young thy heedless sire,
 Youth will not damp parental fire;
 And, wert thou still less dear to me,
 While Helen's form revives in thee,
 The breast, which beat to former joy,
 Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807.

 EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL,

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *Carrier*, who *carried* his can to his mouth well;
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more—so was *carried* at last;
 For, the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not *carry* off,—so he's now *carri-on*.

Sept. 1807.

FRAGMENT.

The following lines form the conclusion of a poem written by Lord Byron under the melancholy impression that he should soon die.—ED.

FORGET this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th' Almighty's Throne;—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807.

* TO MRS. * * *,

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE
SPRING.

WHEN man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady, will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there†.

Dec. 2, 1808.

* This and the five following poems were first published in a miscellany that has been long out of print.—ED.

† In the original this line stands, "Without a wish to enter there." The reading given above is from a MS. correction by Lord Byron in a copy of the work now lying before me.—ED.

A LOVE-SONG.

TO *****.

REMINDE me not, remind me not,
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours
 When all my soul was given to thee;
Hours that may never be forgot,
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,
 When playing with thy golden hair,
 How quick thy fluttering heart did move?
Oh, by my soul, I see thee yet,
 With eyes so languid, breast so fair,
 And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast,
 Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
 As half reproach'd yet raised desire,
And still we near and nearer prest,
 And still our glowing lips would meet,
 As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,
 And bid their lids each other seek,
 Veiling the azure orbs below;
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss
 Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
 Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,
 And, sooth to say, that very dream
 Was sweeter in its phantasy
 Than if for other hearts I burn'd,
 For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam
 In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not,
 Of hours which, though for ever gone,
 Can still a pleasing dream restore,
 Till thou and I shall be forgot,
 And senseless as the mouldering stone
 Which tells that we shall be no more.

STANZAS

TO *****.

THERE was a time, I need not name,
 Since it will ne'er forgotten be,
 When all our feelings were the same
 As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue
 Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,
 Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
 Unknown and thus unfelt by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine!

TO THE SAME.

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast ;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine ;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—
It falls for one who cannot weep:
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine ;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again ;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

SONG.

FILL the goblet again, for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core ;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since, through life's
varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue will
avow,
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never canst
change :
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what
appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years ?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast no such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left, was she not?—but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own:
We must die—who shall not?—May our sins be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

STANZAS

TO ***, ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;

And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest—
I should not seek another zone
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;
But friend or leman I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee,
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind congenial heart,
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,
Of what we are, and what we've been,
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe—
But mine, alas! has stood the blow;
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crost,
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most;
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,
With charms perchance as fair to view;

And I would fain have loved as well,
 But some unconquerable spell
 Forbade my bleeding breast to own
 A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
 And bless thee in my last adieu;
 Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
 For him that wanders o'er the deep;
 His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
 Yet still he loves, and loves but one*.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

Falmouth Roads, June 30th, 1809.

I.

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,
 Our embargo's off at last;
 Favourable breezes blowing
 Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
 From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time's expired.

* Thus corrected by himself in a copy of the Miscellany now lying before me;—the two last lines being, originally, as follows:—

“Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
 I love but thee, I love but one.”—ED.

Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the custom-house;
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

2.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient—push from shore.
 "Have a care! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!"
 "Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board."
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax.—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;

Passengers their births are clapt in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew.
 "Hey day! call you that a cabin?
 Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
 Who the deuce can harbour there?"
 "Who, sir? plenty—
 Nobles twenty
 Did at once my vessel fill."—
 "Did they? Jesus,
 How you squeeze us!
 Would to God they did so still:
 Then I'd scape the heat and racket
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

4.

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
 Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you!
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
 H** muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls,
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
 "Here's a stanza
 On Braganza—
 Help!"—"A couplet?"—"No, a cup
 Of warm water—"
 "What's the matter?"
 "Zounds! my liver's coming up;

I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

5.

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

 EPISTLE TO —,

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING HIM TO BE CHEERFUL
AND TO "BANISH CARE."

Newstead Abbey, October 11, 1811.

"OH! banish care"—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!

Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear ;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled
As fond and faultless as her child;—

Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain,
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.

Of this strange, wild poem, which extends to about two hundred and fifty lines, the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is, for the most part, rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson. There are, however, some of the stanzas of "The Devil's Drive" well worth preserving.

1.

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,
 And he staid at home till five;
 When he dined on some homicides done in *ragoût*,
 And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
 And sausages made of a self-slain Jew,
 And bethought himself what next to do,
 "And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
 I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;
 In darkness my children take most delight,
 And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

2.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer, then—
 "If I follow'd my taste, indeed,
 I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
 And smile to see them bleed.
 But these will be furnish'd again and again,
 And at present my purpose is speed;
 To see my manor as much as I may,
 And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

3.

“I have a state-coach at C—— House,
 A chariot in Seymour-place;
 But they’re lent to two friends, who make me amends
 By driving my favourite paçe:
 And they handle their reins with such a grace,
 I have something for both at the end of their race.

4.

“So now for the earth to take my chance.”
 Then up to the earth sprung he;
 And making a jump from Moscow to France,
 He stepp’d across the sea,
 And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
 No very great way from a bishop’s abode.

5.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say,
 That he hover’d a moment upon his way
 To look upon Leipsic plain;
 And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
 And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
 That he perch’d on a mountain of slain;
 And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
 Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
 Nor his work done half as well:
 For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
 That it blush’d like the waves of hell!
 Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh’d he:
 “Methinks they have here little need of *me!*”

* * * * *

8.

But the softest note that soothed his ear
 Was the sound of a widow sighing;
 And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
 Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
 Of a maid by her lover lying—
 As round her fell her long fair hair;
 And she look'd to heaven with that frenzied air
 Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
 And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,
 With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
 A child of famine dying:
 And the carnage begun, when resistance is done,
 And the fall of the vainly flying!

* * * * *

10.

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so white,
 And what did he there, I pray?
 If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
 What we see every day;
 But he made a tour, and kept a journal
 Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
 And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,
 Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him, though!

11.

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
 Its coachman and his coat;
 So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
 And seized him by the throat:

“Aha,” quoth he, “what have we here?
’Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer!”

12.

So he sat him on his box again,
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
His brothel, and his beer;
“Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here.”

* * * * *

17.

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn’d to “the room” of the Commons;
But he heard, as he purposed to enter in there,
That “the Lords” had received a summons;
And he thought, as a “*quondam* aristocrat,”
He might peep at the peers, though to *hear* them
were flat;
And he walk’d up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

18.

He saw the Lord L——l seemingly wise,
The Lord W———d certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
And he saw the tears in Lord E—n’s eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;

And he heard—which set Satan himself a staring—
 A certain chief justice say something like *swearing*.
 And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, “I must go,
 For I find we have much better manners below.
 If thus he harangues when he passes my border,
 I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order.”

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO THE ODE TO NAPOLEON
 BONAPARTE.

17.

THERE was a day—there was an hour,
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
 When that immeasurable power
 Unsated to resign
 Had been an act of purer fame
 Than gathers round Marengo's name
 And gilded thy decline,
 Through the long twilight of all time,
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

18.

But thou forsooth must be a king
 And don the purple vest,
 As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star—the string—the crest?

Vain froward child of empire! say
Are all thy playthings snatch'd away?

19.

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

 STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

1.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

2.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,—
We will part,—we will fly to—unite it again!

3.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt;—
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,
And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* mayst.

4.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

5.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine*.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.

WHO hath not glow'd above the page where fame
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;
'The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?

That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath;
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.
The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the mighty led—
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland seer's anticipated woes,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;
While sad, she chants the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who tarries long—
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;

A nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head ;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

LINES INTENDED FOR THE OPENING OF " THE SIEGE
OF CORINTH."

IN the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily!
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still ;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed ;
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow :
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds ;—
Some were those who counted beads,

Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills*
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills;
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily,
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird, and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,
To follow me so far away.

* The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

COULD I remount the river of my years
To the first fountain of our smiles and tears,
I would not trace again the stream of hours
Between their outworn banks of wither'd flowers,
But bid it flow as now—until it glides
Into the number of the nameless tides.

* * * * *

What is this death?—a quiet of the heart?
The whole of that of which we are a part?
For life is but a vision—what I see
Of all which lives alone is life to me,
And being so—the absent are the dead,
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and spread
A dreary shroud around us, and invest
With sad remembrancers our hours of rest.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both—but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants—are they
 But mingled millions decomposed to clay?
 The ashes of a thousand ages spread
 Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?
 Or do they in their silent cities dwell
 Each in his incommunicative cell?
 Or have they their own language? and a sense
 Of breathless being?—darken'd and intense
 As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!
 Where are the past?—and wherefore had they birth?
 The dead are thy inheritors—and we
 But bubbles on thy surface; and the key
 Of thy profundity is in the grave,
 The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,
 Where I would walk in spirit, and behold
 Our elements resolved to things untold,
 And fathom hidden wonders, and explore
 The essence of great bosoms now no more.

* * * * *

TO AUGUSTA.

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:

Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 It were the haven of my happiness;
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 Reversed for him our grandsire's* fate of yore,—
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 In other elements, and on the rocks
 Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
 I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 My errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

* Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-tost,
 Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the *Wager* (in Anson's voyage), and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

VIII.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

IX.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

X.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake*,
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one:
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

* The lake of Newstead Abbey.

XIII.

With false ambition what had I to do?
Little with love, and least of all with fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around
And worship nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
 We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life's commencement to its slow decline
 We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last!

ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA.

IN this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
 And Beauty and Canova *can*!
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the bard's defeated art,
 With immortality her dower,
 Behold the *Helen* of the *heart*!

TO THOMAS MOORE.

1.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

2.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

3.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

4.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

5.

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

TO MR. MURRAY.

1.

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,
 My Murray.

2.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all—and sellest some—
My Murray.

3.

Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen,
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?

4.

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

5.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

6.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without "the Board of Longitude,"
Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray!

STANZAS TO THE RIVER PO.

1.

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

2.

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!

3.

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art were my passions long.

4.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,—not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,

5.

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,
Borne in our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,
And I—to loving *one* I should not love.

6.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

7.

She will look on thee,—I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought; and, from that moment, ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her!

8.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow!

9.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

10.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

11.

A stranger loves the lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the black wind that chills the polar flood.

12.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime, nor should I be,
In spite of tortures, ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

13.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then, at least, my heart can ne'er be moved.

THE IRISH AVATAR.

1.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave,
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over the wave,
To the long-cherish'd isle which he loved like his—
bride.

2.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are gone,
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause
For the few little years, out of centuries won,
Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her
cause.

3.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,
The castle still stands, and the senate's no more,
And the famine which dwelt on her freedomless crags
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

4.

To her desolate shore—where the emigrant stands
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth,

5.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes!
Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

6.

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,
To perform in the pageant the sovereign's part—
But long live the shamrock which shadows him o'er!
Could the green in his *hat* be transferr'd to his *heart*!

7.

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,
And a new spring of noble affections arise—
Then might freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

8.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?
Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

9.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

10.

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!
With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

11.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequall'd, preceded, the task was begun—
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the tomb
Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the *one!*

12.

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of
his mind.

13.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!
Feasts furnish'd by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery still *raves*,
When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

14.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!
Kiss his foot with thy blessings denied!

15.

Or *if* freedom past hope be extorted at last,
 If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,
 Must what terror or policy wring forth be class'd
 With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield
 their prey?

16.

Each brute hath its nature, a king's is to *reign*,—
 To *reign!* in that word see, ye ages, comprised
 The cause of the curses all annals contain,
 From Cæsar the dreaded to George the despised!

17.

Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell, proclaim
 His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country con-
 vince
 Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
 And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young*
 prince!"

18.

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
 The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?
 Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all
 The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

19.

Ay! "Build him a dwelling!" let each give his mite!
 Till, like Babel, the new royal dome hath arisen!
 Let thy beggars and helots their pittance unite—
 And a palace bestow for a poor-house and prison!

20.

Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast,
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to the gorge!
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim him at last
The Fourth of the fools and oppressors call'd
“George!”

21.

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!
Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!
Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne,
Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet
has to flow.

22.

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone—
On his right hand behold a Sejanus appears!
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be thine own!
A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers!

23.

Till now, when the isle which should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

24.

Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

25.

If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can
spring—
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king!

26.

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still.

27.

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,
My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee free,
This hand, though but feeble, would arm, in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still
for *thee!*

28.

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou art not my land,
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons,
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once.

29.

For happy are they now reposing afar,—
Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan, all
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall.

30.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!
 Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day,—
 Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves
 Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

31.

Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,
 Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;
 There was something so warm and sublime in the core
 Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy *dead*.

32.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
 My contempt for a nation so servile, though sore,
 Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon
 power,
 'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore!

Sept. 16th, 1821.

ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING THE PICTURE
 OF SARAH, COUNTESS OF J * *, TO MRS. MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,
 Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
 Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
 That left a likeness of the brave, or just;

What most admired each scrutinizing eye
 Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?
 What spread from face to face that wondering air?
 The thought of Brutus—for his was not there!
 That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd
 His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd;
 And more decreed his glory to endure,
 Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair J * *, our desiring gaze
 Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
 Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,
 Bright though they be, thine own had render'd less;

If he, that * * * *
 * * * * * *
 * * * * * *

Could with thy gentle image bear depart,
 That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,
 To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief:
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose?
 A garden with all flowers—except the rose;—
 A fount that only wants its living stream;
 A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,
 Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
 With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine:

The symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
 The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene;
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead more than fair!
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
 A spell which will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view.
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling for a * * * 's sight;
 * * * * * *
 * * * * * *
 * * * * whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

1.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
 Behold! while yet before thee burn
 The graven words, the glowing wall.
 Many a despot men miscall
 Crown'd and anointed from on high;
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
 Is it not written, thou must die?

2.

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
 Gray hairs but poorly wreath with them;
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
 More than thy very diadem,
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;
 And learn like better men to die!

3.

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
 And ever light of word and worth,
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
 And left thee but a mass of earth.
 To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
 But tears in Hope's averted eye
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.

 SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH,

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE.

To be the father of the fatherless,
 To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
His offspring, who expired in other days
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—

This is to be a monarch, and repress
 Envy into unutterable praise.
 Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
 For who would lift a hand, except to bless?
 Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet
 To make thyself beloved? and to be
 Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
 A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

TRANSLATION FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE, CANTO FIFTH.

"THE land where I was born sits by the seas,
 Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
 With all his followers, in search of peace.
 Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
 Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
 From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
 Love, who to none beloved to love again
 Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong,
 That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
 Love to one death conducted us along,
 But Caina waits for him our life who ended:"
 These were the accents utter'd by her tongue.—

Since first I listen'd to these souls offended,
 I bow'd my visage and so kept it till—

“What think'st thou?” said the bard; $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{then} \\ \textit{when} \end{array} \right\} \text{I}$
 unbended,

And recommenced: “Alas! unto such ill
 How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies
 Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!”

And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,
 And said, “Francesca, thy sad destinies
 Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
 By what and how thy love to passion rose,
 So as his dim desires to recognise?”

Then she to me: “The greatest of all woes

Is to $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{recall to mind} \\ \textit{remind us of} \end{array} \right\}$ our happy days

In misery, and $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{this} \\ \textit{that} \end{array} \right\}$ thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first root preys
 Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,

I will $\left. \begin{array}{l} \textit{relate} \\ \textit{do}^* \textit{even} \end{array} \right\}$ as he who weeps and says.——

We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
 Of Lancilot, how love enchain'd him too.

We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.

* In some of the editions, it is “diro,” in others “faro;”—an essential difference between “saying” and “doing,” which I know not how to decide. Ask Foscolo. The d—d editions drive me mad.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
 All o'er discolour'd by that reading were;
 But one point only wholly $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{overthrew} \\ \text{us o'erthrew;} \end{array} \right\}$
 When we read the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{desired} \\ \text{long-sighed-for} \end{array} \right\}$ smile of her,
 To be thus kiss'd by such $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{a fervent} \\ \text{devoted} \end{array} \right\}$ lover,
 He who from me can be divided ne'er
 Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
 Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
 That day no further leaf we did uncover. —
 While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
 The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
 I swoon'd as if by death I had been smote,
 And fell down even as a dead body falls."

 STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA.

1.

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story;
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

2.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory?

3.

Oh Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

4.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B——.

1.

You have ask'd for a verse:—the request
In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I *now* merely admire,
And my heart is as gray as my head.

4.

My life is not dated by years—
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

5.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

LINES

FROM A LETTER TO THOMAS MOORE.

“I did not dissipate much upon the whole, yet I found the ‘sword wearing out the scabbard,’ though I have but just turned the corner of twenty-nine.”

So, we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.
 For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.
 Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

 EPISTLE TO DR. —.

FROM A LETTER TO MR. MURRAY.

“You want ‘a civil and delicate declension’ for the Medical Tragedy? Take it—”

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,
 Which is a good one in its way,—
 Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
 And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
 With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
 Afford hysterical relief

To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's concoction full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and every body dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see:
And for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible,
But—and I grieve to speak it—plays
Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.
I had a heavy loss by “Manuel,”—
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
And S * *, with his “Orestes,”
(Which, by the by, the author's best is),
Has lain so very long on hand
That I despair of all demand.
I've advertised, but see my books,
Or only watch my shopman's looks;—
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,

A sort of—it's no more a drama
 Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama;
 So alter'd since last year his pen is,
 I think he's lost his wits at Venice.

* * * * *

In short, sir, what with one and t' other,
 I dare not venture one another.
 I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
 The coaches through the street so thunder!
 My room's so full—we've Gifford here
 Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
 Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
 Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
 Had but the genius to review!—
 A smart critique upon St. Helena,
 Or if you only would but tell in a
 Short compass what—but, to resume:
 As I was saying, sir, the room—
 The room's so full of wits and bards,
 Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
 And others, neither bards nor wits:—
 My humble tenement admits
 All persons in the dress of gent.,
 From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
 All clever men, who make their way;

Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey,
 Are all partakers of my pantry.
 They're at this moment in discussion
 On poor De Staël's late dissolution.
 Her book, they say, was in advance—
 Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

Thus run our time and tongues away.—
 But, to return, sir, to your play:
 Sorry, sir, but I can not deal,
 Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill.
 My hands so full, my head so busy,
 I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;
 And so, with endless truth and hurry,
 Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.

EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY.

Venice, January 8th, 1818.

1.

MY dear Mr. Murray,
 You're in a damn'd hurry
 To set up this ultimate canto;
 But (if they don't rob us)
 You'll see Mr. Hobhouse
 Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

2.

For the Journal you hint of,
 As ready to print off,
 No doubt you do right to commend it ;
 But as yet I have writ off
 The devil a bit of
 Our "Beppo;"—when copied, I'll send it.
 * * * * *

4.

Then you've * * * 's Tour,—
 No great things, to be sure,—
 You could hardly begin with a less work ;
 For the pompous rascallion,
 Who don't speak Italian
 Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.
 * * * * *

7.

You can make any loss up
 With "Spence" and his gossip,
 A work which must surely succeed ;
 Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
 With the new "Fytte" of "Whistlecraft,"
 Must make people purchase and read.

8.

Then you've General Gordon,
 Who girded his sword on,

To serve with a Muscovite master,
 And help him to polish
 A nation so owlsh,
 They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

9.

For the man, "*poor and shrewd*,"
 With whom you'd conclude
 A compact without more delay,
 Perhaps some such pen is
 Still extant in Venice;
 But please, sir, to mention *your pay*.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

 TO MR. J. MURRAY.

1.

For Orford and for Waldegrave
 You give much more than me you gave;
 Which is not fairly to behave,
 My Murray.

2.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
 Be worth a lion fairly sped,
 A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
 My Murray.

3.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose—
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

4.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
So, if *you will*, I shan't be shamm'd,
And if you *won't*, you may be damn'd,
My Murray.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

1.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move!
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

2.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

3.

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

4.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

5.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

6.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

7.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

- 8.

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

9.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

10.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE OPENING LINES OF THE
MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

“I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled at as great a risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse’s dole in the Medea, of which I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit.”—*Letter to Mr. Henry Drury, June 17, 1810.*

OH how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch’d from Grecian docks,
Had never pass’d the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn’d business for my Miss Medea, &c. &c.

EPITAPH.

“I have just escaped from a physician and a fever. The English consul forced a physician upon me. In this state I made my epitaph—take it.”—*Letter to Mr. Hodgson, Oct. 3, 1810.*

YOUTH, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove;
But Romanelli was so stout
He beat all three—and *blew* it out.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE.

A FARCICAL EPIGRAM.

Good plays are scarce,
 So Moore writes farce:
 The poet's fame grows brittle—
 We knew before
 That *Little's* Moore,
 But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

ON LORD T——'S POEMS.

1.

WHEN T * * this damn'd nonsense sent,
 (I hope I am not violent)
 Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

2.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
 To common sense his thoughts could raise—
 Why *would* they let him print his lays?

3.

* * * * *

4.

* * * * *

5.

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

6.

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining—
So, gentle T * *, throw me thine in.

TO LORD T——.

“ I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own.”

Lord T——'s lines to Mr. Rogers.

1.

“ I lay my branch of laurel down.”

Thou “lay thy branch of laurel down!”
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne—
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou—none.

2.

“Then thus to form Apollo’s crown.”

A crown! why, twist it how you will,
 Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
 When next you visit Delphi’s town,
 Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
 They’ll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
 Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

3.

“Let every other bring his own.”

When coals to Newcastle are carried,
 And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
 From his spouse when the * *’s unmarried,
 Or Liverpool weeps o’er his blunders;
 When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
 When C * *’s wife has an heir,
 Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
 And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT
 IN COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19, 1813.

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,
 Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
 For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
 Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag;

* * * * *

But now to my letter—to *yours* 'tis an answer—
 To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
 All ready and dress'd for proceeding to sponge on
 (According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
 Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
 May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
 I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some
 codgers,
 And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;
 And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
 Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.
 But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
 And you'll be Catullus, the R—t Mamurra.

FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE.

June, 1814.

1.

“WHAT say *I?*”—not a syllable further in prose;
 I'm your man “of all measures,” dear Tom,—so, here
 goes!
 Here goes, for a swim on the stream of old Time,
 On those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme.
 If our weight breaks them down, and we sink in the
 flood,
 We are smother'd, at least, in respectable mud,
 Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd in a heap,
 And S * *'s last Pæan has pillow'd his sleep;—

That "Felo de se" who, half drunk with his malmsey,
 Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in a calm sea,
 Singing "Glory to God" in a spick and span stanza,
 The like (since Tom Sternhold was choked) never man
 saw.

2.

The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
 The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes,—
 Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,—
 And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
 I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—
 For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
 You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,

* - * * * * *

3.

The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
 But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
 And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
 -mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz with the J***,
 Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
 With majesty's presence as those she invited.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

March 27, 1815.

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
 Taking towns at his liking and crowns at his leisure,
 From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
 Making *balls* for the ladies, and *bows* to his foes.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON HEARING THAT LADY
 BYRON WAS ILL.—1816.

AND thou wert sad—yet was I not with thee;
 And thou wert sick—and yet I was not near.
 Methought that joy and health alone could be
 Where I was *not*, and pain and sorrow here.
 And is it thus?—It is as I foretold,
 And shall be more so:—&c. &c.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now,
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!

SONG FOR THE LUDDITES.

1.

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
 Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
 So we, boys, we
 Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
 And down with all kings but King Ludd!

2.

When the web that we weave is complete,
 And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
 We will fling the winding-sheet
 O'er the despot at our feet,
 And die it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

3.

Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
 Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

VERSICLES.

“Here follow some versicles which I made one sleepless night.”—

Letter to Thomas Moore.

I READ the “Christabel;”

Very well:

I read the “Missionary;”

Pretty—very:

I tried at “Ilderim;”

Ahem!

I read a sheet of “Marg’ret of *Anjou*;”

Can you?

I turn’d a page of * *’s “Waterloo;”

Pooh! pooh!

I look’d at Wordsworth’s milk-white “Rylstone Doe?”

Hillo!

&c. &c. &c.

TO MR. MURRAY.

1.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,

Have publish’d “*Anjou’s Margaret*,”

Which won’t be sold off in a hurry

(At least, it has not been as yet);

And then, still further to bewilder ’em,

Without remorse you set up “*Ilderim*;”

So mind you don’t get into debt,

Because as how, if you should fail,
These books would be but baddish bail.

2.

And mind you do *not* let escape
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,
Which would be *very* treacherous—*very*,
And get me into such a scrape!
For, firstly, I should have to sally,
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian wight,
Have next to combat with the female knight.
* * * * *

ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPFNER*.

His father's sense, his mother's grace,
In him, I hope, will always fit so;
With (still to keep him in good case)
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

* These lines are in no other respect remarkable than that they were thought worthy of being metrically translated into no less than ten different languages; namely, Greek, Latin, Italian (also in Venetian dialect), German, French, Spanish, Illyrian, Hebrew, Armenian, and Samaritan. The original lines, with the different versions above mentioned, were printed, in a small neat volume, in the seminary of Padua.—*Moore's Life*, vol. ii. p. 164.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES.

IF, for silver or for gold,
 You could melt ten thousand pimples
 Into half a dozen dimples,
 Then your face we might behold,
 Looking, doubtless, much more snugly ;
 Yet even *then* 'twould be d——d ugly.

EPIGRAM ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

JANUARY 2, 1820.

TO-DAY it is my wedding-day,
 And all the folks would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton
 And I should dine at Ware.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE'S a happy new year! but with reason
 I beg you'll permit me to say—
 Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
 But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

TO PENELOPE.

January 2, 1821.

THIS day, of all our days, has done
 The worst for me and you:—
 'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,
 And *five* since we were *two*.

ENDORSEMENT FOR THE DEED OF SEPARATION IN
 THE APRIL OF 1816.

A YEAR ago you swore, fond she!
 "To love, to honour," and so forth:
 Such was the vow you pledged to me,
 And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT.

WITH death doom'd to grapple
 Beneath this cold slab, he
 Who lied in the Chapel
 Now lies in the Abbey.

EPIGRAM.

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
 Will Cobbett has done well:
 You visit him on earth again,
 He'll visit you in hell.

STANZAS.

1.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
 Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
 Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
 And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

2.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
 And is always as nobly requited;
 Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
 And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted.

ON HIS THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 22, 1821.

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
 I have dragg'd to three and thirty.
 What have these years left to me?
 Nothing—except thirty-three.

EPIGRAM *.

ON THE BRASIER'S HAVING RESOLVED TO PRESENT AN ADDRESS
TO QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE brasiers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass;—
A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord Harry!
They'll find where they're going much more than they
carry.

EPIGRAM.

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

* Of the above epigram, which is in a letter to Thomas Moore, Lord Byron says, "There's an ode for you, is it not?—worthy

"Of * * * *, the grand metaquizzical poet,
A man of vast merit, though few people know it;
The perusal of whom (as I told you at Mestri)
I owe, in great part, to my passion for pastry."

THE CHARITY BALL.

Written December 10, 1820, on seeing the following paragraph in a newspaper:—"Lady Byron is this year the lady-patroness at the annual charity ball given at the town-hall at Hinckley, Leicestershire, and Sir G. Crewe, bart., the principal steward."

1.

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and father,
 If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,
 So the Pharisee's glories around her she gather,
 And the saint patronizes her "charity ball!"

2.

What matters—a heart, which though faulty was feeling,
 Be driven to excesses which once could appal—
 That the sinner should suffer is only fair dealing,
 As the saint keeps her charity back for "the ball!"

IMPROMPTU.

ON LADY ——— EXPRESSING HER INTENTION OF TAKING THE
 VILLA CALLED "IL PARADISO," NEAR GENOA.

BENEATH * * *'s eyes
 The reclaim'd Paradise
 Should be free as the former from evil;
 But if the new Eve
 For an apple should grieve,
 What mortal would not play the Devil*?

* The Genoese wits had already applied this threadbare jest to himself. Taking it into their heads that this villa had been fixed on for his own residence, they said, "Il Diavolo e ancora entrato in Paradiso."

WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I., in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles, see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another sceptred thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
—In him the double tyrant starts to life:
Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a G—ge.

 LINES

IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

In this book a traveller had written:—

“FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.”

Beneath which Lord Byron inserted the following reply:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet who'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

THE END.

LONDON:

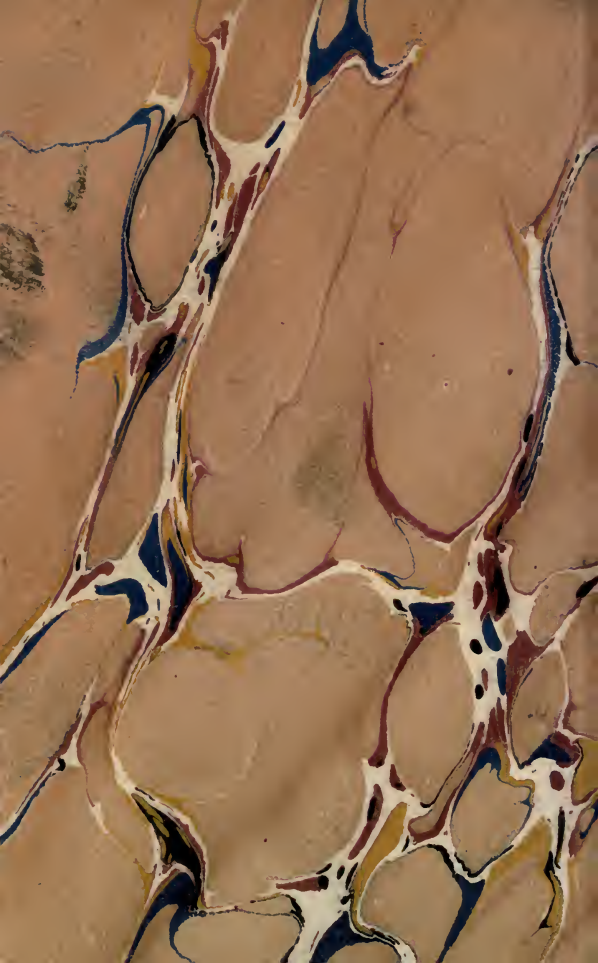
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